

# THE GRAPHIC

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1902

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

*Europe's Playground and Sanatorium—Part II*

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DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.

FROM THE MOST RECENT PHOTOGRAPHS

THE KHEDIVE OF EGYPT IN HIS STUDY AT ABDIN PALACE

## Topics of the Week

**Harnessing the Nile** THE great Nile Reservoir at Assuan, which was opened by the Duke of Connaught last Wednesday, is a fitting monument to the first twenty years of British supremacy in Egypt. The construction of this great work has for generations been the cherished dream of all clear-sighted statesmen who grasped the problem of the salvation of Egypt. Lord Milner, in his famous book on the British occupation, tells a story of an epigrammatic native authority, who once said to him, "If you are going in for charlatanism, relieve the Land Tax. If your object is the prosperity of Egypt, create a Reservoir!" Here is the whole philosophy of Egyptian politics in a nutshell. Fiscal expedients without a firm basis of hydraulic engineering are, in Egypt, the merest charlatanism, and it is because the British Administration who took charge of the country twenty years ago clearly grasped this fact that to-day the Nile Valley is rich and happy, and is on the high road to a prosperity which will, perhaps, be unmatched on the world's surface. The Nile is Egypt and Egypt is the Nile, and it is in the management of the great river that the solution of all the problems of Government and social progress have to be sought. When the British occupation began, the system of irrigation in Egypt, like almost everything else, was in a state of chaos. Napoleon had recognised the necessity of the Barrage, and Mehemet Ali—that "barbarian of genius"—had built it; but still the Nile was unharnessed, and the whole system of utilising its waters was worse than primitive. The task of reforming it was herculean, but it did not daunt the British's administrators. With the completion of the Assuan Dam, the larger portion of their task will have been accomplished, and its accomplishment is a splendid justification of the British occupation, for it must be remembered that all the science and all the energy of the British engineers would have been useless had they not had behind them the support of the British Government.

**Municipal Trading** THE question of municipal trading is rapidly becoming urgent. Several Town Councils are already engaging in branches of trade which have hitherto been reserved for private enterprise, and other municipal bodies are seeking fresh powers to follow the same course. No one denies that there are certain commercial undertakings which can profitably be managed by a municipal council. The supply of water is perhaps the most satisfactory illustration. It is extremely important to the community to have a reliable supply of water, and the method of charging for water is identical with the method pursued by local authorities in raising revenue. At the same time there are very few technicalities in the management of the supply of water. When once the system is started it works almost automatically. The case for a municipal water supply is therefore a particularly strong one. When we pass to gas supply a distinct weakening of the argument is at once visible. The manufacture of gas is a technical business; the purchase of coal for its manufacture is a very delicate commercial business. It is not many years since a great municipal scandal arose in connection with the purchase of coal for some municipal gasworks. Dangers of this character become the greater the more complex the business upon which the municipality embarks. On the other hand it is alleged that if the municipality does not step in great trusts will be created to fleece the consumer. Where is the evidence of this danger? The only case in point is that of the National Telephone Company, which owes its monopoly very largely to gross mismanagement on the part of the Post Office. It is quite true that in a given town firms in a particular trade will sometimes enter into a tacit understanding to keep up prices against the Town Council, but such an understanding can be speedily broken down by the Council making its purchases outside the town. The trouble is that this common-sense remedy is opposed by Trade Unions, which are at heart essentially Protectionist, and the Council is then driven to make a further concession to working-class voters by starting municipal works with a high rate of wages and a low standard of work. Each of such undertakings gives rise to fresh claims, till ultimately the Socialist ideal will be attained, when everybody will be employed by some municipality, doing half a day's work for a whole day's wage. Where the money to pay for it all is to come from the Socialists have not yet explained.

**Distress in London** IT is so unusual at the beginning of winter to hear of widespread suffering among the London poor that the charitable public may be incredulous about its present existence. Unhappily, there is only too much evidence that genuine distress has laid hold of thousands of homes throughout the Metropolis. North, south, east, and west, wherever workpeople dwell, the wolf has begun to snarl at many doors, and, it is to be feared, has forced entrance at not a few. The sharp spell of hard weather has, no doubt, contributed to hasten this miserable destitution, but the weekly returns of pauperism had given continuous warning by their portentous growth that the army of hand-to-mouth toilers was steadily augmenting in numbers. It is a common mistake to imagine that these hard-driven unfortunate almost exclusively hang on to the docks, and that if liberal relief is given there, nothing farther needs to be done. That is not the case at present, however it may have been in the past; we doubt whether there is any part of London entirely free from the suffering consequent on food and fuel privations. Women, for instance, never go to the docks on the chance of odd jobs, but it is just among these poor creatures that the most extreme indigence exists. The obligation rests, consequently, on each locality to look after its own poor, and only when the relief fund is in excess of such requirements should the charity which so properly begins at home be extended to other suffering districts.

### The Court

THE KING and Queen have left Norfolk for a short absence before Christmas. They had a very quiet time at Sandringham last week, with very few visitors. In spite of wintry weather, the King was out shooting most days with the Prince of Wales, Prince Charles of Denmark, and the Duke of Cambridge, while the Queen drove with her daughters and had leisure to enjoy the country pursuits of which she is so fond. Lord Rosebery and the Home Secretary came down for the week-end, and on Saturday King Edward presented the gold medal which he gives annually to the head boy of the King's Lynn Grammar School, to Mr. Harry Foster, who is the third of his family to win the distinction. Next day their Majesties, with the Royal Family, attended the morning Service at Sandringham Church, where the Rev. Leonard Tyrwhitt preached, and on Monday they came up to town. On reaching St. Pancras, the Queen drove to Buckingham Palace, while the King went to the Cattle Show at the Agricultural Hall, where the Prince of Wales was also present. King Edward presents a challenge cup for cattle, and the Prince of Wales offers a cup for the best pen of three sheep or lambs, and both His Majesty and the Prince were present at the parade of the prize beasts. In the evening the King and Queen, with their son and daughters, were present at the special performance at the Imperial Theatre for the production of Mrs. Langtry's and Mr. Hartley Manners' play, *The Crossways*. Their Majesties left town on Tuesday again for Gopsall Park, Leicestershire, to stay with Earl and Countess Howe. The visit is quite private, and the King will spend most of the time shooting over Lord Howe's preserves. One State function is fixed for next week—an Investiture on Thursday—and after that the King and Queen return to Sandringham to spend Christmas.

The Prince of Wales has paid two flying visits to town. He came up for a few hours on Saturday to attend the wedding of Captain the Hon. Stanley Colville, son of Viscount Colville, Lord Chamberlain to the Queen, with Lady Adelaide Meade, daughter of Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam. The Prince came up again with the King on Monday to see the Cattle Show.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have had a splendid reception in Egypt. They reached Port Said on Saturday after a beautiful passage from Genoa in the *Renown*, and were escorted by Lord Cromer to Cairo, where they were received by the Khedive and his brother, General Talbot, in command of the British Army of occupation, the Sirdar, and a large number of English and Egyptian officers. Most of those assembled were presented to the Duke and Duchess, and after the Duke had inspected the British and Egyptian guard of honour the Royal guests drove off with the Khedive amidst a salute of twenty-one guns. The Khedivial bodyguard escorted the carriage, and various decorations brightened the route to the Abdin Palace, where the Duke and Duchess stayed. A dinner-party was given in honour of the Duke and Duchess in the evening. On Sunday morning the Duke and Duchess attended the garrison Service in the Citadel, after which the Duke inspected the Rifle Brigade and presented them with South African medals, making the men a pleasant little speech. He lunched with the officers, and afterwards drove in State with a cavalry escort to the British Diplomatic Agency to knight General Talbot, the Earl of Cromer and the chief British officers being present at the ceremony. Meanwhile the Duchess had been to Koubbeh to see the Vicereines. Early in the evening the Duke and Duchess started for Luxor, accompanied by Lord and Lady Cromer and General Sir N. A. Talbot, with Lady Talbot, the Khedive following a little later. From Luxor the whole party went on to Assuan for the grand inauguration of the Assuan dam, the opening of the great irrigation work being made the occasion of a large gathering. On returning to Cairo the Duke and Duchess would be entertained by the Khedive at a State banquet before they leave to rejoin the *Renown*.

The King of Portugal left us, after just three weeks' stay in England, early on Monday morning for home, travelling via Dover and Calais.

## The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTIE

By J. ASHBY-STERRY

WHY are people so slow and so apathetic with regard to the control of the motor-car? Are we to wait till some frightful accident takes place and many lives are sacrificed before the authorities are aroused? There are many dangerous experiences in connection with these matters that never get into the papers. Two have happened recently which came within my own immediate knowledge. The first case was that of a lady and her daughter who were out driving, and they crossed a main road at the bottom of a hill. As they were doing this a motor, without even sounding its horn, came tearing down the hill, caught the Victoria just on the driver's seat, and promptly flung him into an adjoining field. The horse then ran away, and was only stopped when he had covered considerably over a mile, in addition to passing round half a dozen difficult corners. The second case was that of a lady and two gentlemen quietly coming home from hunting at an easy pace on a dark evening, when, without a note of warning, suddenly a motor-car comes rushing down the road with that fierce blinding light in front of it. All the horses were naturally terribly frightened, and had not the whole party been most accomplished equestrians, the result would have been disastrous. In both these cases the escape of the victims of the modern Juggernaut was absolutely miraculous.

A friend informs me that the right way of treating Portland Place is to have a double row of trees, with a grass walk between them, down the centre of the roadway, in addition to the single rows at the edge of each footway. I should not have thought there had been room for this—but he assures me there is. Arranged in this way, it would most assuredly constitute an ideal street. It would be well that this notion should be borne in mind in the construction of the avenue from the Strand to Holborn.

The *Westminster Gazette* has recently turned its attention to house mottoes. This is a matter, I think, that might be pursued with advantage by most builders and possessors of houses. I fancy it is more neglected in England than most places. In Holland you will find many examples of it, and it appears to be pretty popular in Switzerland. At one time there was a new *châlet* on the road from Thun to Berne grandiloquently inscribed, "This is a beautiful place, and has cost me a great deal of money; I hope I shall live long to enjoy it." Simpler inscriptions run, "Speak little, truth say. Want little, cash pay!" Sometimes may be read the names of the master and the mistress of the house, with the date of their marriage, and at other times texts of Scripture. The Chinese, too, are great at this kind of thing, and not only label their houses, but plaster the walls of their rooms with all kinds of proverbs and wise saws. If mottoes for houses become common in England we shall probably find the custom will soon spread to rooms. And here one sees a fine chance, at last, of utilising the minor poet. If he would only turn his attention to collaborating with the paperhanger, and give us a ballad for the bedroom, a sonnet for the study, a canzone for the kitchen, a lyric for the lobby, a ditty for the dining-room, a pantomime for the porch, a *chant royal* for the coal-cellars, or a villanelle for the verandah, he would be much better employed than in publishing volumes of verses. It seems a pity the plan adopted in country mansions and old inns, of naming all the rooms, is not generally adopted in moderate-sized houses. I know an instance where all the rooms in the house have their names legibly painted on their doors. It saves a vast deal of trouble and prevents endless confusion.

The system of having to book places at the theatre some weeks in advance is becoming a nuisance. Formerly, if you felt inclined to visit a theatre after dinner, you would find plenty of seats at liberty. Now you will probably find you will not be able to get in anywhere. As I generally want to go to the theatre on the spur of the moment, I am rarely able nowadays to witness any theatrical performance, for, if I take stalls a fortnight in advance, when the night comes I don't want to go to the theatre, and I have taken a particular aversion to the piece for which I have bought stalls. It is well-nigh impossible to say what your taste and inclination may be two weeks in advance. I feel certain that a theatre where places could only be secured on the day of performance would pay well. It might be called the Moment Theatre. You would soon hear people say, "Oh, I'm not going to bother myself to wait a fortnight for any piece at any theatre. I'm going to the Moment tonight, where I'm sure to get in, and where the performance is just as good as anywhere else."

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On these dates certain booked trains will be WITHDRAWN as announced in the Midland Time Tables and by special bills at the stations.

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On FRIDAY MORNING, DECEMBER 26th, from St. Pancras and City Stations to LEICESTER, LOUGHBOROUGH and NOTTINGHAM, for 1, 2, or 3 days, to BEDFORD, WELLINGBOROUGH, KETTERING, and MARKET HARBOROUGH for 1 or 2 days, and to ST. ALBANS, HARPENDEN, and LUTON, for 1 day.

## TO IRELAND.

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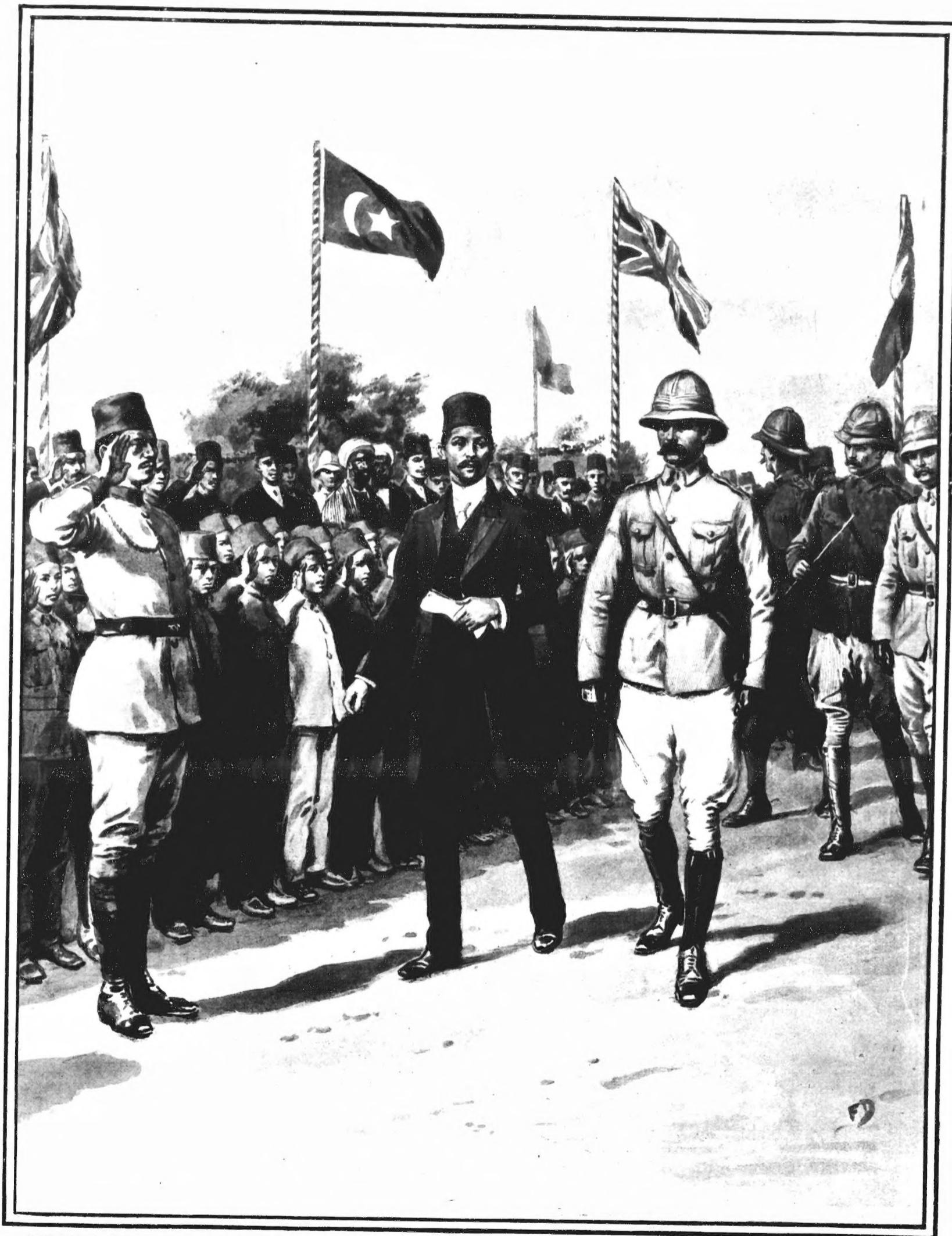
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GATEWAY OF THE VILLA CAVALLIERI, ROME

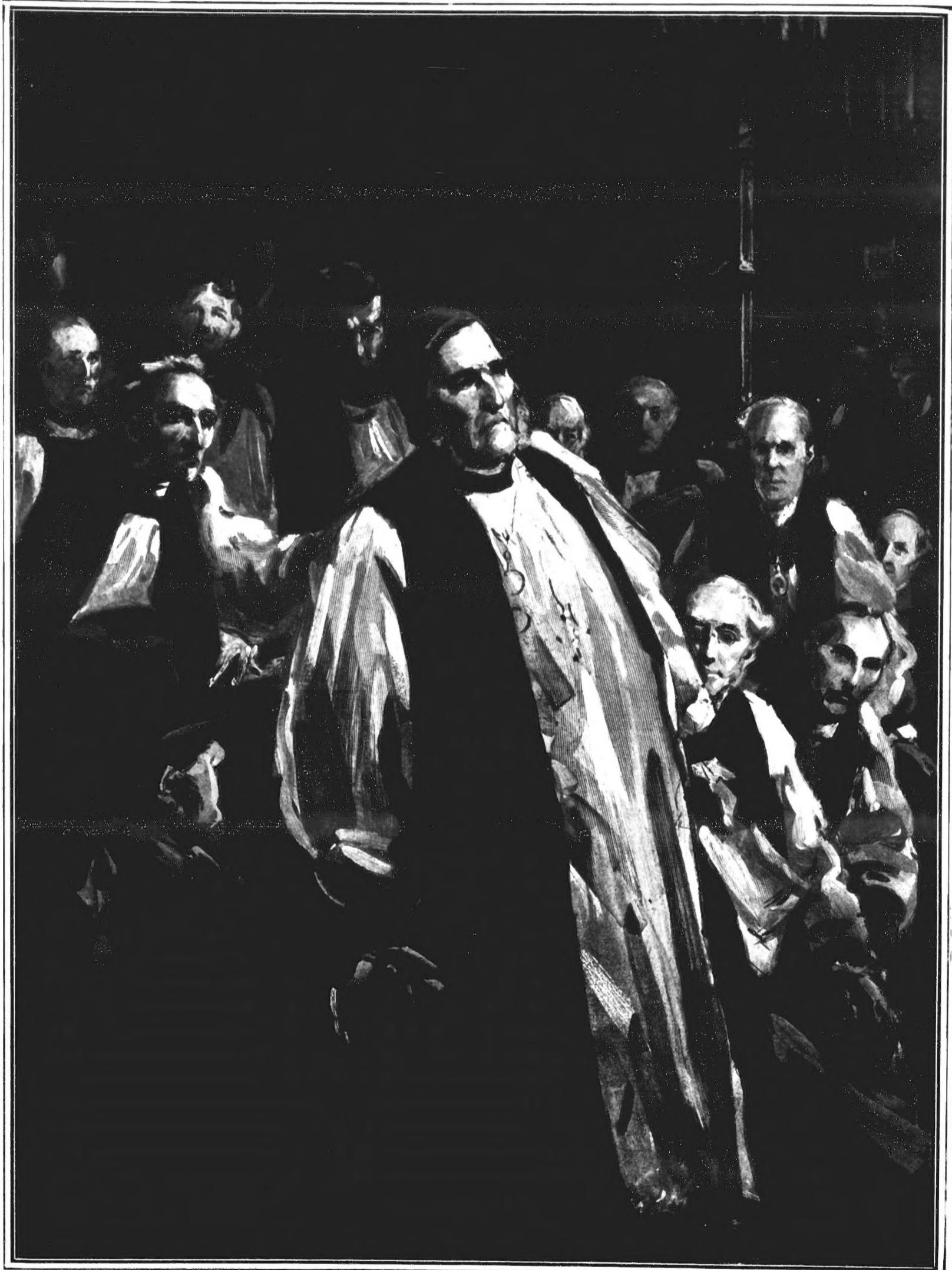
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DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.A.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY A BRITISH OFFICER

Before opening the Gordon College at Khartoum Lord Kitchener inspected the boys of the Omdurman and Khartoum Schools  
**LORD KITCHENER AT KHARTOUM: SCHOOLBOYS SALUTING THE EX-SIRDAR**



The Bishop of Bath and Wells    The Bishop of Chester  
The Bishop of Southwell

The Bishop of Rochester  
The Archbishop of Canterbury

The Bishop of Ely    The Bishop of Newcastle    The Bishop of Winchester    The Bishop of Salisbury  
The Archbishop of York    The Bishop of London

The Archbishop of Canterbury made a vigorous defence of the Bill in the House of Lords. Drawing near the end of his speech, the Primate said, "The Bill is an honest and statesmanlike measure—." Immediately after he had given expression to this sentiment, his Grace, who had throughout his speech supported himself with his right hand on the arm of the bench and had, towards the close of it, shown signs of great physical weakness, swayed slightly and then fell back into his seat. The Archbishop of York, who occupied the next seat to, and the Bishop of Southwell, who sat immediately behind, the Archbishop of Canterbury, moved forward to give him assistance. But his Grace

quickly recovered himself, again rose to his feet, and resumed the interrupted sentence after little more than what might have been regarded as an ordinary pause in its delivery. He added, "And I hope your lordships, in spite of any objections that might be made, will, nevertheless, pass it into law and let us see how it will act when it begins to work," and then sat down, amid the sympathetic cheers of the House. A few minutes afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury, supported by the Archbishop of York, left the Chamber

THE EDUCATION BILL IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: A PATHETIC INCIDENT

DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.V.O.



"Not a hundred paces away from the carpenter's shop where the master craftsman, Septimus, worked, was another manufactory, in which vases, basins, lamps, and such articles were designed, moulded and baked. The customers who frequented the place, wholesale merchants for the most part, noted from and after the day of this interview a new workwoman, who, so far as her rough blouse permitted them to judge, seemed to be young and pretty, seated in a corner apart beneath a window, by the light of which she laboured."

## PEARL-MAIDEN: A TALE OF THE FALL OF JERUSALEM

By H. RIDER HAGGARD. Illustrated by BYAM SHAW

### CHAPTER XXVII.

THE BISHOP CYRII.

ON the morning following the day of the Triumph Julia, the wife of Gallus, was seated in her bed-chamber looking out at the yellow waters of the Tiber that ran almost beneath its window. She had risen at dawn and attended to the affairs of her household, and now retired to rest and pray. Mingled with the Roman crowd, on the yesterday she had seen Miriam, whom she loved, marching wearily through the streets of Rome. Then, able to bear no more, she went home, leaving Gallus to follow the last acts of the drama. About nine o'clock that night he joined her and told her the story of the sale of Miriam for a vast sum of money, since, standing in the shadow beyond the light of the torches, he had been a witness of the scene at the slave market. Domitian had been outbid, and their Pearl-Maiden was knocked down to an old woman with a basket on her back who looked like a witch, after which she vanished with her purchaser. That was all he knew for certain. Julia thought it little enough, and reproached her husband for his stupidity in not learning more. Still, although she seemed

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to be vexed, at heart she rejoiced. Into whoever's hand the maid had fallen, for a while at least she had escaped the vile Domitian.

Now, as she sat and prayed, Gallus being abroad to gather more tidings if he could, she heard the courtyard door open, but took no note of it, thinking that it was but the servant who returned from market. Presently, however, as she knelt, a shadow fell upon her and Julia looked up to see Miriam, none other than Miriam, and with her a dark-skinned, aged woman, whom she did not know.

"How come you here?" she gasped.

"Oh! mother," answered the girl in a low and thrilling voice, "mother, by the mercy of God and by the help of this Nehushta, of whom I have often told you, and—of another, I am escaped from Domitian, and return to you free and unharmed."

"Tell me that story," said Julia, "for I do not understand. The thing sounds incredible."

So Miriam told all her tale. When it was done, Julia said:

"Heathen though he is, this Marcus must be a noble-hearted man, whom may Heaven reward."

"Yes," answered Miriam with a sigh, "may Heaven reward him, as I wish I might."

"As you would have done had I not stayed you," put in Nehushta.

Her voice was severe, but as she spoke something that Julia took to be a smile was seen for a instant on her grim features.

"Well, friend, well," said Julia, "we have all of us fallen into temptation from time to time."

"Pardon me, lady," answered Nehushta, "but speak for yourself. I never fell into any temptation—from a man. I know too much of men."

"Then, friend," replied Julia, "return thanks for the good armour of your wisdom. For my part, I say that like the lord Marcus, this maid has acted well, and my prayer is that she also may not lose her reward."

"Mine is," commented Nehushta, "that Marcus may escape the payment which he will doubtless receive from the hand of Domitian if he can hunt him out," a remark at which the face of Miriam grew very troubled.

Just then Gallus returned, and to him the whole history had to be told anew.

"It is wonderful," he said, "wonderful! I never heard the like of it. Two people who love each other and who, when their hour comes, separate over some question of faith, or rather in obedience to a command laid upon one of them by a lady who died years and years ago. Wonderful—and I hope wise, though

had I been the man concerned I should have taken another counsel."

"What counsel, husband?" asked Julia.

"Well—to get away from Rome with the lady as far as possible, and without more delay than was necessary. It seems to me that under the circumstances it would have been best for her to consider her scruples in another land. You see Domitian is not a Christian any more than Marcus is, and our maid here does not like Domitian and does like Marcus. No, it is no good arguing, the thing is done, but I think that you Christians might very well add two new saints to your calendar. And now to breakfast, which we all need after so much night duty."

So they went and ate, but during that meal Gallus was very silent, as was his custom when he set his brain to work. Presently he asked :

"Tell me, Miriam, did any see you or your companion enter here?"

"No, I think not," she answered, "for as it chanced the door of the courtyard was ajar and the servant has not yet returned."

"Good," he said. "When she does return I will meet her and send her out on a long errand."

"Why?" asked his wife.

"Because it is as well that none should know what guests we have till they are gone again."

"Until they are gone again!" repeated Julia, astonished. "Surely you would not drive this maid, who has become to us as our daughter, from your door?"

"Yes, I would, wife, for that dear maid's sake," and he took Miriam's little hand in his great palm and pressed it. "Listen now," he went on. "Miriam, the Jewish captive, has dwelt in our care these many months, has she not, as is known to all, is it not? Well, if anyone wants to find her, where will they begin by looking?"

"Aye! where?" echoed Nehushta.

"Why should anyone wish to find her?" asked Julia. "She was bought in the slave-market for a great price by the lord Marcus, who, of his own will, has set her at liberty. Now, therefore, she is a free woman whom none can touch."

"A free woman!" answered Gallus with scorn. "Is any woman free in Rome upon whom Domitian has set his mind? Surely, you Christians are too innocent for this world. Peace now, for there is no time to lose. Julia, do you cloak yourself and go seek that high-priest of yours, Cyril, who also loves this maid. Tell the tale to him and say that if he would save her from great dangers, he had best find some secret hiding-place among the Christians, for her and her companion, until means can be found to ship them far from Rome. What think you of that plan, my Libyan friend?"

"I think that it is good, but not good enough," answered Nehushta. "I think that we had best depart with the lady, your wife, this very hour, for who can tell how soon the dogs will be laid upon our slot."

"And what say you, maid Miriam?" asked Gallus.

"I? Oh! I thank you for your thought, and I say—let us hide in any place you will, even a drain or a stable, if it will save me from Domitian."

Two hours later, in a humble and densely peopled quarter of the city, such as in our own day we should call a slum, where folk were employed making those articles which ministered to the comfort or the luxury of the more fortunate, a certain master-carpenter known as Septimus was seated at his mid-day meal in a little chamber above his workshop. His hands were rough with toil, and the dust of his trade was upon his garments and even powdered over his long grey beard, so that at first sight it would not have been easy to recognise in him that Cyril who was a bishop among the Christians. Yet it was he, one of the foremost of the Faith in Rome.

A woman entered the room and spoke with him in a low voice.

"The dame Julia, the wife of Gallus, and two others with her?" he said. "Well, we need fear none whom she brings; lead them hither."

Presently the door opened and Julia appeared, followed by two veiled figures. He raised his hands to bless her, then checked himself.

"Daughter, who are these?" he said.

"Declare yourselves," said Julia, and at her bidding Miriam and Nehushta unveiled.

At the sight of Miriam's face the bishop started, then turned to look at that of her companion.

"Who vouches for this woman?" he asked.

"I vouch for myself," answered Nehushta, "seeing that I am a Christian who received baptism a generation since at the hands of the holy John, and who has stood to pay the price of faith in the arena at Cesarea."

"Is this so?" asked the bishop of Miriam.

"It is so," she answered. "This Libyan was the servant of my grandmother. She nursed both my mother and myself, and many a time has saved my life. Have no fear, she is faithful."

"Your pardon," said the bishop with a grave smile and addressing Nehushta, "but you who are old will know that the Christian who entertains strangers sometimes entertains a devil. Then he lifted up his hands and blessed them, greeting them in the name of their Master.

"So, maid Miriam," he said, still smiling, "it would seem that I was no false prophet, and though you walked in the Triumph and were sold in the slave-ring—for this much I have heard—still the Angel of the Lord went with you."

"Father, he went with me," she answered, "and he leads me here."

Then they told him all the tale, and how Miriam sought a refuge from Domitian. He looked at her, stroking his long beard.

"Is there anything you can do?" he asked—"anything useful I mean? But perhaps that is a foolish question, seeing that women—especially those who are well-favoured—do not learn a trade."

"I have learnt a trade," answered Miriam, flushing a little. "Once I was held of some account as a sculptor; indeed I have heard that your Emperor Nero decreed divine honours to a bust from my hand."

The bishop laughed outright. "The Emperor Nero! Well, the poor madman has gone to his own place, so let us say no more of him. But I heard of that bust; indeed I saw it. It was a likeness of Marcus Fortunatus, was it not? and in its fashion a great work. But our people do not make such things; we are artisans, not artists."

"The artisan should be an artist," said Miriam setting her mouth.

"Perhaps, but as a rule he isn't. Do you think that you could mould lamps?"

"There is nothing I should like better, that is if I am not forced to copy one pattern," she added as an afterthought.

"Then," said the bishop, "I think, daughter, that I can show you how to earn a living, where none are likely to seek for you."

Not a hundred paces away from the carpenter's shop where the master craftsman, Septimus, worked, was another manufactory, in which vases, basins, lamps, and such articles were designed, moulded and baked. The customers who frequented the place, wholesale merchants for the most part, noted from and after the day of this interview a new workwoman, who, so far as her rough blouse permitted them to judge, seemed to be young and pretty, seated in a corner apart beneath a window, by the light of which she laboured. Later on they observed also, those of them who had any taste, that among the lamps produced by the factory appeared some of singular and charming design, so good, indeed, that although the makers reaped little extra benefit, the middlemen found no difficulty in disposing of these pieces at a high price. All day long Miriam sat fashioning them, while old Nehushta, who had learnt something of the task years ago by Jordan, prepared and tempered the clay and carried the finished work to the furnace.

Now, though none would have guessed it, in this workshop all the labourers were Christians, and the product of their toil was cast into a common treasury, on the proceeds of which they lived, taking, each of them, such share as their elders might decree, and giving the surplus to brethren who had need, or to the sick. Connected with these shops were lodging-houses, mean enough to look at, but clean within. At the top of one of them, up three flights of narrow stairs, Miriam and Nehushta dwelt in a large attic that was very hot when the sun shone on the roof, and very cold in the bitter winds and rains of winter. In other respects, however, the room was not unpleasant, since being so high there were few smells and little noise; also the air that blew in at the windows was fresh and odorous of the open lands beyond the city.

So there they dwelt in peace, for none came to search for the costly and beautiful Pearl-Maiden in those squallid courts occupied by working folk of the meaner sort. By day they laboured, and at night they rested, ministering and ministered to in the community of Christian brotherhood, and, notwithstanding their fears and anxieties for themselves and another, were happier than they had been for years. So the weeks went by.

Very soon tidings came to them, for these Christians knew of all that passed in the great city; also, when they met in the catacombs at night, as was their custom, especially upon the Lord's Day, Julia gave them news. From her they learned that they had done wisely to flee her house. Within three hours of their departure, indeed before Julia had returned there, officers arrived to inquire whether they had seen anything of the Jewish captive named Pearl-Maiden, who had been sold in the Forum on the previous night and, as they said, escaped from her purchaser, on whose behalf they searched. Gallus received them and, not being a Christian, lied boldly, vowing that he had seen nothing of the girl since he gave her over into the charge of the servants of Caesar upon the morning of the Triumph. So, suspecting no guile, they departed and troubled his household no more.

(To be continued)

## Playground and Sanatorium.—II.

(OUR SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT)

SANATORIUM life has changed vastly since the treatment of consumption ceased to be empirical. In the old days a patient merely went to a health resort, lived there like the rest of the world as long as he was able to, took his cod liver oil, and took his chance. Nowadays he fights the enemy as systematically as if he were beleaguering a fortress. Our patient may hope to expel him if he will do three things:—breathe pure air and plenty of it, feed himself up like a Christmas ox, and be as careful not to hurt his damaged lung as he would be not to hurt a sprained ankle or broken leg. His whole life must be subsidiary to this triple purpose.

The duty of heavy feeding is that which the newcomer generally finds the hardest. He is accustomed to take only a little dry toast with his tea in the morning, and he finds four eggs placed in front of him as a ration to be got through. His dinner has lately consisted of a sweetbread or the wing of a chicken, and here are four mutton-chops, and a peremptory gentleman looking on to see that he eats them. He would like to help his appetite with a whisky-and-soda or a glass of sherry. Instead of doing so, he has to wash down his mutton-chops with a quart of milk—hot milk too, a beverage for which the taste has to be laboriously acquired.

This task is the harder because the meat of the high Alps is tough, and delicate alternatives to the chops or the cut from the joint are not allowed, because they contain less nutrient to the ounce. The keen air helps, of course, but, even so, few patients find themselves really hungry. "You find that you can eat the things," they protest, "but you never feel as if you really wanted them." After the meal, partaken of in a room with wide-open windows, the patient's duty is to lie about out of doors in a lounge chair for as long as the doctor tells him to. After a rest he may be allowed to walk for an hour or so, and his temperature will be carefully taken on his return to ascertain whether the exertion has hurt him. If it has, he will have to rest instead of walking for the next few days. And, in any case, the remainder of the day must be spent on a lounge in the open air.

The verandas of the Swiss hotels make splendid lounges. They shelter the patient from the rain or snow, while all the winds of

heaven are free to blow about him. His chief trial is the cold. At first he wonders why it does not set him coughing, but he soon accepts the fact that it does not, and preoccupies himself with the other inconveniences. For one thing, he finds it difficult to read now that he has such abundant leisure for reading. His whole body is packed up in furs; he has a hot-water bottle for his feet, and his private electric light fixed handily behind him. But as his hands are muffled in fur gloves that have neither fingers nor thumbs, he cannot find his place or turn over the pages; while if he removes his gloves he is in imminent danger of getting his fingers frostbitten. Writing—though letters must be written—is, of course, a still more painful labour. The doctor, in fact, often writes the patients' letters for them. So he lies there and makes the best of it, until it is time to go to bed in a room with wide-open windows. One can hardly find a patient who will tell you that he enjoys the course; but one finds many whom the course has cured, and many whom it has benefited, and that is the main thing after all.

## "Place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

AT this season of the year those ladies who enter into the business of charity are particularly busy. Lady Cadogan, whose duties in Dublin have caused her to resign some of the personal supervision of her good works, reappeared last week at the working women's club which bears her name in Bethnal Green. She made an excellent speech, and said she was glad to meet all her friends again, and rejoiced to think of the pleasure such clubs bring into poor women's lives. Women of the working class have few amusements, and while men are always catered for at clubs, the women are generally forced to take their leisure in their own homes, surrounded by the cares and worries from which they are unable to escape. Critics complained at the outset that clubs would unsettle married women; on the contrary, experience proves that such pleasant fortnightly meetings help women to be courageous and cheerful, and probably indirectly by example discourage visits to the public-house.

Yet another profession for women, and one which at first sight seems a somewhat incongruous one, that of chauffeur, or driver of a motor-car. One notices now constantly pretty women steering a motor filled with friends, and apparently thoroughly enjoying the performance. So it is not surprising that a lady advertises that she seeks such a post. She has, she says in *Motoring Illustrated*, "driven her father's car for three years, and has never had an accident; moreover, she is as good as a man at repairing tyres." We all know that nerve, coolness, and presence of mind are required in a driver, and apparently women now possess all these qualifications, since bicycling taught them to rely on themselves; but, in addition, there is a lot of dirty engineering and repairing work to be done on a motor, and one can hardly realise the vision of a lady lying under a motor, cleaning, oiling, and repairing. Probably, however, she will keep some underling to do the dirty work, a kind of helper or odd man, one of those useful nondescript persons who apparently carry all the work of the big country house on their shoulders, whose duties are multifarious, and whose pay is small.

I have been asked by some of my readers to give the title of the new French magazine for women, just published in Paris. It is called *La Vie Heureuse*—a capital title—is very well edited by a clever lady, and is published by Messrs. Hachette.

I notice that at Dr. Parker's funeral, in obedience to the great Nonconformist's desire, hardly any mourning was worn; many women were present in white and bright colours. No sable draperies hung about the coffin, which was covered with flowers, and the funeral was simplicity itself. This is absolutely right; by degrees we are leaving behind us all the conventional trappings of woe which have saddened the hearts and increased the horror of death to so many sorrowing people. Despair is an essentially anti-Christian doctrine. The funeral of the late Queen, her coffin borne on a gun-carriage and covered with white satin pall, offered us an example which we should hasten to follow. The very fear which, as religious people, we ought to discard, is fostered by the sable hearse, the nodding plumes, the black gloves and hats, the crape, the horrid draperies, the mourning conch and horses, the gruesome details so graphically described by Dickens in "Martin Chuzzlewit." Let us discard the old traditions and conduct our funerals with calm and cheerfulness such as befits the creed of those who believe their loved ones have gone to a life in heaven.

Yet another robbery of jewels, and this time carried out on a new plan and with unusual skill. Lady Selkirk was in her library, in the evening, when the door-bell rang and a man brought a parcel of black silk for the lady's maid. While the footman departed on his errand, the man, thoroughly conversant with the ways of the house and the servants' supper hour, must have rushed upstairs, snatched the dressing-case off the drawers in Lady Selkirk's room, and departed as mysteriously and quickly as he came, leaving no clue behind him. The idea was a clever one, for parcels are naturally arriving at a London house at all hours, and the footman could not be expected to show suspicion. The whole affair adds yet another problem to the safe possession of valuable jewellery.

The cry of the children, dinnertime, bootless, and suffering from cold, has reached us. It is a disgrace to our national institutions that such things should be possible, and that while the few are going about wrapped in furs, and warm with fires and good food, the many are forced to be fireless and starving. There is plenty of money in the country, and plenty of kind hearts, but there is no proper broad and effective organisation that will use forethought and prudence, and distribute help at the right time, so that, at least, the children need not know the meaning of that awful word, starvation, or the even worse alternative, underfeeding, which just keeps the body alive at the cost of extreme suffering.



DR. SVEN HEDIN  
The Swedish Explorer of Central Asia



LADY ADELAIDE MEADE  
Married to Captain the Hon. S. C. J. Colville, R.N.



CAPTAIN THE HON. S. C. J. COLVILLE, R.N.  
Married to Lady Adelaide Meade

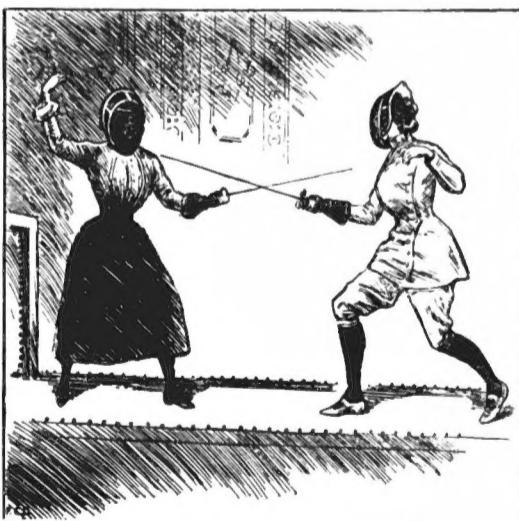


COUNT BENCKENDORFF  
The New Russian Ambassador

### Through Asia Minor

WHENEVER a person says he has been to Damascus, the first question asked is, "Oh, how do you get there?" as if it were a city of the "Arabian Nights," beyond the ken of human knowledge. The fact is that it is extremely easy to get there, especially as it is one of the numerous places under "Cook's" all-protecting wing. Sailing from Marseilles there are two routes: one *via* Alexandria and Jaffa; but if you take this route you are liable to a ten days' quarantine at Beyrouth, owing to the paternal care of the Turkish Government. The better route, therefore, though rather longer, is by Piraeus, Smyrna, Samos, and Beyrouth. Smyrna is the largest and most important port in those waters—a thoroughly Eastern port, with its noise, dirt and excitement.

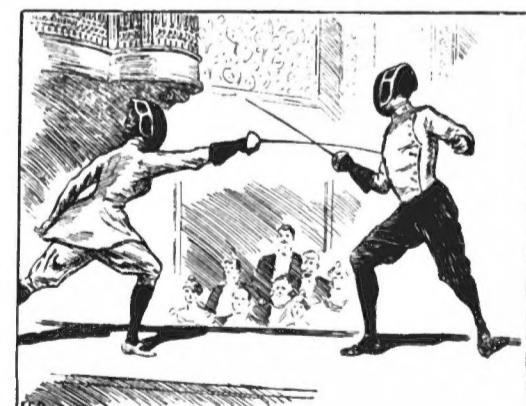
From Smyrna the ship proceeds on its way to Beyrouth, touching for a few hours at Samos, a sunny isle. The journey from Beyrouth to Damascus takes about nine hours, the line winding through beautiful scenery on the Anti-Lebanon and Lebanon mountains. About half-way you should stop and make a trip by carriage to Baalbek. The drive takes about three hours through the plains of Lebanon. Baalbek is the Heliopolis of the Greeks, and celebrated for its sun-worship in the temple which was one of the wonders of the world. The first point that comes in sight, as shown in the illustration, are the five Corinthian columns of the Temple of the Sun. They are very beautiful, but the sole remnants of that temple. The other illustration of Baalbek is that of an old mosque. Here camels are at work removing fallen stones, which are to be replaced in their original position. This work is going on under the auspices, if not under the pay, of the German Emperor. Returning to our railway station the journey is continued to Damascus, one of the most picturesque of all Eastern cities. Even Mahomet, when looking on Damascus for the first time, was so struck with her beauty that he turned away and refused to enter her gates, remarking that as man could only enter one paradise he chose the one above. The illustration is of a café where the men sit most of the day on wooden stools smoking their "Tchibouks" and water-pipes. It is a most striking feature of Damascus that nearly all the work is done by children, who seem to labour with all the energy of early youth. The other illustration is of resort outside the town, whence there is a most beautiful view of Damascus and its suburbs. Here the ladies assemble on all fine afternoons, but are very careful to conceal their faces when any man approaches.



MADAME GABRIEL AND MISS LOWTHER



REPRODUCTION OF THE ENCOUNTER BETWEEN THE CHEVALIER D'EON AND THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGES, AS PERFORMED IN 1787, GIVEN BY M. AND MADAME GABRIEL



MISS LOWTHER AND M. DE BEAUREGARD

The Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, were filled by a fashionable assemblage, last Saturday, to witness an assault-at-arms promoted by Professor Voiland. Among those present were His Excellency M. Paul Cambon, the French Ambassador; Admiral Lord Walter Talbot Kerr, Senior Naval Lord of the Admiralty; Lieutenant-Colonel D'Amade, Military Attaché, French Embassy, who acted as Director of Combats; and Captain Alfred Hutton, president of the Amateur Fencing Association. M. and Madame Gabriel, of Paris, gave, for the first time in England, a reproduction of the encounter between the Chevalier D'Eon

and the Chevalier de St. Georges, as performed in 1787, at Carlton House, before the Prince of Wales and the Royal Family; Professor Voiland had a clever bout with Professor Lucien Mérignac, champion of the world; and Miss Toupin Lowther, lady champion of England, had the better of a bout with Madame Gabriel, championne des dames en France. Among others who fenced were Mr. T. P. Robbins, MM. Rom, De Beauregard, and Jabbé, and Professors Dauguy, Aggrac, and Laurent

THE FENCING DISPLAY AT THE ROYAL PALACE HOTEL KENSINGTON  
DRAWN BY F. C. DICKINSON

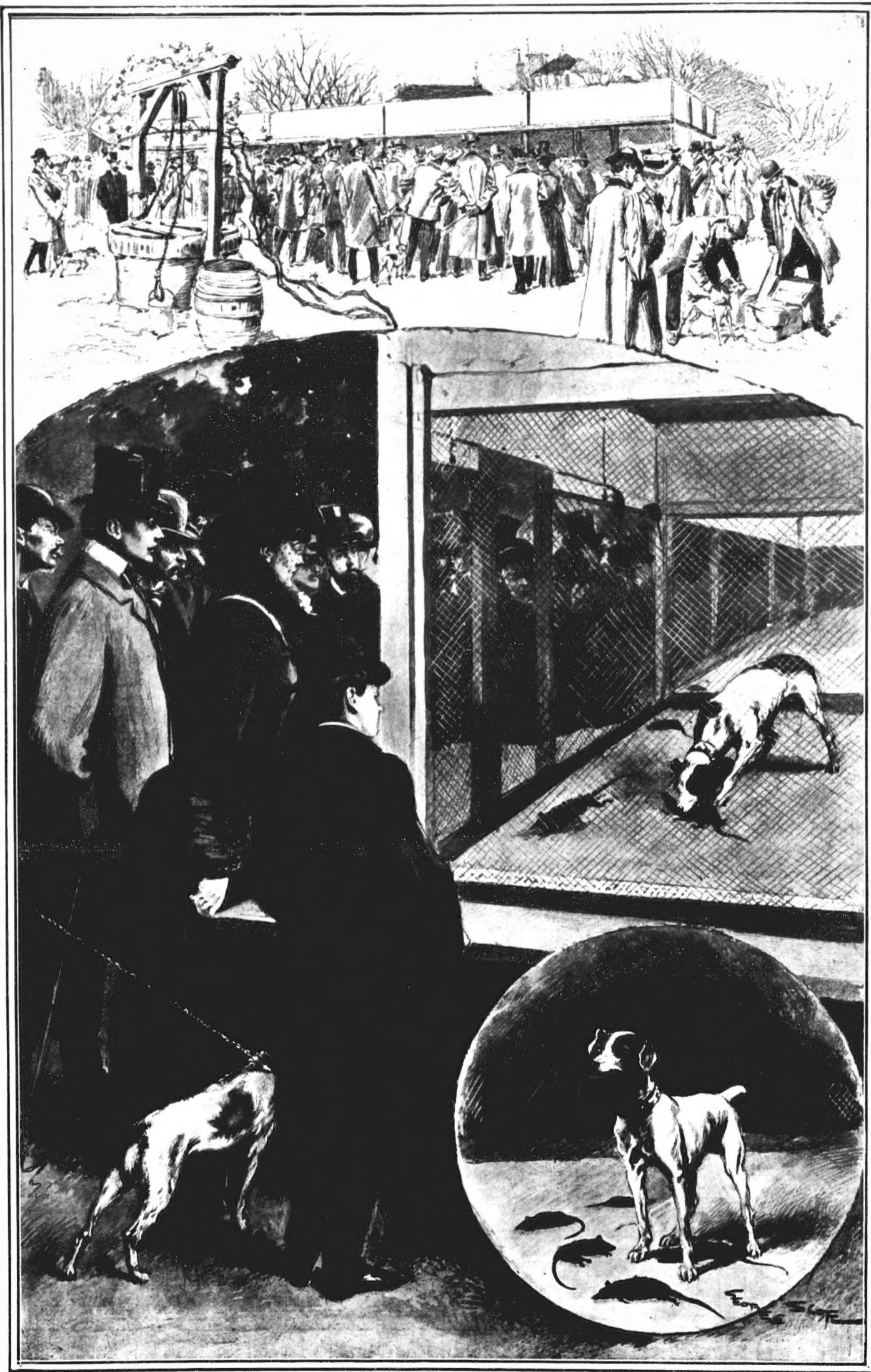
markets, and all other points where it is necessary to keep down the invasion of these troublesome rodents. He receives a certain sum per thousand killed, and has the right of disposing of as many as he pleases to persons desirous of training or matching dogs. The supply is, of course, practically inexhaustible, as the rats in the sewers are numbered by hundreds of thousands. As the city rat-catcher and his assistants have always large quantities of rats on hand, the rat cage at the Châlets du Cycle is easily kept supplied, and can provide material for a match between rival terriers at the shortest notice.

### Our Portraits

DR. SVEN HEDIN, the celebrated Swedish explorer, has returned home, after accomplishing the most remarkable land journey of modern times. His travels in Central Asia occupied three years and three days, and for two and a half years he was entirely cut off from all communication with the outer world. During this period the explorer traversed at least 6,000 miles of absolutely unknown lands. During his expedition Dr. Sven Hedin made two attempts to reach Lhasa, disguised as a Mongolian pilgrim, and succeeded in getting within one day's journey of that mysterious centre, when he was turned back. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Count Benckendorff, the successor of Baron de Staal at the Russian Embassy in London, was appointed to succeed the late Count Muravieff as Russian Minister at Copenhagen in March, 1897. He is a Russian Councillor of State and a Master of the Court, and is understood to enjoy in a very special way the esteem and confidence of his Sovereign. Our portrait is by Petersen, Cambridge.

Last Saturday, at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, Lady Adelaide Meade, daughter of Admiral of the Fleet the Earl of Clanwilliam, was married to Captain the Hon. Stanley Cecil James Colville, son of Lord Colville of Culross, Lord Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of St. Andrew's, the Rev. the Hon. Sidney Meade (uncle of the bride), Archdeacon Harris (Chaplain of the Fleet), and the Clergy of St. Peter's. The Hon. George Colville (the bridegroom's brother) was best man, and the bride was given away by her father. Among those present were the Prince of Wales, Princess Christian and Princess Louise of Schleswig-Holstein. After the ceremony Lady Clanwilliam held a reception at 32, Berkeley Square. Our portraits are by H. Barnett, Park Side.



A FAVOURITE SPORT IN PARIS: A RAT-KILLING COMPETITION

DRAWN BY GEORGES SCOTT



NORMANHURST: THE TERRACE SIDE

NORMANHURST COURT, the country home of Lord Brassey, lies about three miles from Battle Station, and it was in the truly magnificent hall that Lord Brassey greeted us with a cheery and cordial welcome and a pleasant chat upon topics which have been of life-long interest to himself. Of these, of course, the Navy was the principal, but by no means the only, subject, for Lord Brassey undertakes many matters, and is a very busy man, so busy that he pathetically remarked : "Although I have been a year home from

Australia I have not had time to even sort my papers." He added, "It is only by system—strict system—that I get through my work at all. I have no memory, but, by my system, I have everything at my fingers' ends, and can turn up any information at almost a moment's notice. Consequently, I get the credit for a marvellous memory, but it is only by system. Come to my study and I will show you how I work." The splendid hall in which we were seated is one of the

features of Normanhurst. Open to the high roof, surrounded by two galleries, led to by a fine staircase, it is filled with rare and beautiful furniture, brie-à-brac and works of art. Among the latter are some remarkable specimens of sixteenth century tapestry with mythological subjects designed by Pierino del Vaga, worked in Italian floss silk. Over the mantelpiece was a bust of Thomas Brassey, whom we several times heard Lord Brassey speak of as "my dear old father." Inscribed on the bust is, "I said I would make and maintain the road, and no one shall say that Thomas Brassey is not as good as his word." He it was who built Normanhurst about fifty years ago.

Leading the way Lord Brassey took us into his study, a striking contrast, the room being very small and low and filled with mysterious-looking boxes, trays, baskets, etc. Many portraits hung about—one inscribed "My mother;" also views of the various yachts that he has at one time or another possessed, of course

including the famous *Sunbeam*. On entering Lord Brassey remarked, "I greatly prefer small rooms; I think they are so much more comfortable and cosy." Then picking up a small index book, and waving his hand in the direction of the various boxes and baskets, he continued : "You see each of these is marked with a letter or letters; these correspond with the entries in this index book. For instance, under C: here I have 'Commonwealth,' and I at once know that in this C box I have every paper, extract, or memorandum I have collected concerning the Australian Federation, and need only pull them out to have all the information necessary for a lecture or speech. Or take G: here I have 'Gleanings.' Ah! have you seen my gleanings? No? Then I must show them to you, for if there is anything that I shall live by it will be my gleanings." He went off and brought the volume, filled with quotations which he had extracted with immense industry from all sorts of authors, ancient and modern—evidently a labour of love. Lord Brassey's system in getting these gleanings is to mark everything that strikes him in any book, paper or publication. These passages are sent to a lady in London, who types and then sorts them under their respective and correct headings, and eventually they are duly placed in one of the indexed boxes. Another volume of "Gleanings" will shortly be ready. A special cabinet of many trays is reserved for the Navy. These different "systematic" devices include thirty-six boxes, twenty-six trays, twenty-four baskets, etc., each filled with information as varied as the receptacles, but arranged so that any one fragment of information can be produced in a moment. Six boxes are devoted to theology, a subject of great interest to Lord Brassey, who said, "My inclinations are broad, but this paragraph



THE GREAT HALL

"Yes, and the sea generally; I have had eight yachts, the most noteworthy, of course, being the *Sunbeam*. I should think my sea mileage must be a record. I have covered over three hundred thousand miles in my yachts."

"And I suppose from this your interest in the Navy grew?"

"Well, partly, but by no means wholly so. I take an interest in the Navy for the same reason that every Englishman does, or ought. It is our oldest and most important service, without which the British Empire would be non-existent. I say this without any disparagement to the Army, of which we are all proud, and which is an absolute necessity as well as the Navy. But our Army need not be paramount in numbers, whereas the British Navy *must* be, and must be kept the paramount power in the world."

"Are you satisfied with its present position?"

"On the whole I am satisfied; I might criticise matters of administration in some cases, but even in those it is not always safe to be too positive. For instance, I was at one time disposed to find fault with the building of very big ships, as being somewhat on the policy of 'putting all our eggs in one basket,' but when I began to consider the fact that after a certain tonnage is reached every ton beyond costs very much less to build, I considerably modified my opinions. You see, 20,000 tons in one boat would cost infinitely less than two boats of 10,000 each. And the idea that a torpedo could easily destroy one of these monster ships is, I think, exaggerated. Torpedo-boats are so vulnerable to quick-firing guns that a daylight attack is practically impossible, and a night attack, being so much more difficult, ought to be quite as impossible with anything like proper watchfulness. At the same time, my idea is that an armoured destroyer would be a most formidable vessel, if not the most deadly afloat."

"So you think the 'croakers' are too pessimistic?"

"Yes; because, *per se*, the strength of the Navy is a negligible quantity. We must be guided and ruled by others at whatever sacrifice. If other nations increase torpedo-boats, we must outnumber them. In fact, in whatever direction other nations increase their Navy we *must*. No question of politics or party, estimates or expense. We simply must be paramount. Our Empire depends upon it."



A VIEW IN THE DRAWING-ROOM



LORD BRASSEY IN HIS LIBRARY

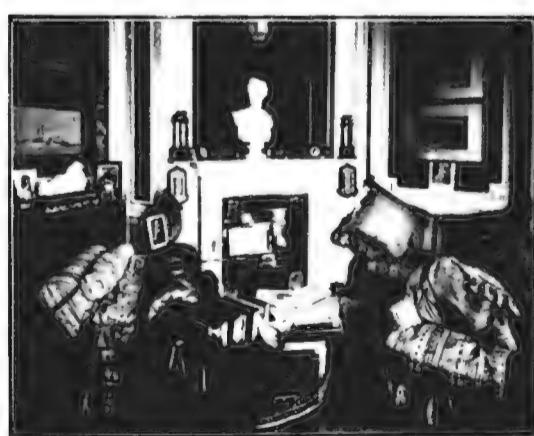
sums up pretty accurately my ideas," and he pointed out a portion of his address on "The Church and the Colonies" which runs, "By conviction I belong to the Broad School. There are many roads to Heaven. To preach and to practise the principles of truth and justice and lovingkindness in all the relations of life, to know that when we have done all we can we have done nothing nay, have miserably fallen short; to trust to a merciful Saviour alone—such an ideal is not very far from Christianity, and it is an ideal of life, an ideal which is upheld alike by the Conformist and Nonconformist, by the Roman and Anglican." After showing a few more examples of his method of work, Lord Brassey exclaimed, "Now you see how it is that I manage to get through all the work that devolves upon me. If I did not work strictly by system I should be undone."

After so much "system" Lord Brassey suggested lunch, which was served in a room overlooking the terrace, and commanding an extensive view over the long variegated grounds and beyond to the coast and the ships at sea. Here we met Lady Brassey and her charming little daughter, Lord Brassey's youngest child, "who," said her father, "inherits all my love for the water and shipping. I sometimes take her on the Serpentine, and you should see how she steers her craft through the mazes of that inland sea."

"And what, Lord Brassey, first turned your attention to the sea?"

"It was born in me. I remember, when I was a very little fellow, my dear old father was making a railway in France. We lived at Rouen; and the river, with the ships and boats going up and down, was visible from the garden. I used to get hold of anything I could, barrels or boxes, or what not, and set them up on the lawn to represent the bulwarks of a ship, and any sticks or poles I came across would go to form my ideas of the various rigs. I used to be hugely delighted with my make-believe vessels."

"And this in later years developed into your well-known taste for yachting?"



LADY BRASSEY'S BOUDOIR



THE STUDY

LORD BRASSEY AT HOME AT NORMANHURST, SUSSEX

From Photographs by THE GRAPHIC Special Photographer, C. Pilkington

"As to the Merchant Service, do you think the 'croakers' are right that British seamen are diminishing?"

"Yes; I am afraid they are right in this. It is an undoubted fact that foreigners are increasing in British ships."

"What is the cause?" Do you think that British seamen are the drunken lot that is sometimes represented, and that this has anything to do with it?"

"No; whilst I admit that in my firemen, and good firemen too when at sea, lead very low lives on shore, yet, on the whole, the British seaman is as good as ever he was. If I were to speak from experience of my recent crews in the *Sunbeam*, I would say he was better than ever, for none could have been better behaved than these have been. No; the cause of crews are otherwise, a great one, being that a seaman's life is much harder and much worse paid than that of his brother worker on shore, and this tends to diminish the supply. In former days this was not so much the case, a working-man's life on shore being now very different to what it used to be."

"What would remedy this state of things?"

"It is very difficult to suggest any remedy. In the present state of trade shipowners cannot very well pay more, and yet a cut ought to be found. I am inclined to think that some sort of Protection and modified bounty would do some good."

"I do not think that Protection of any kind would be adopted by this country, but the sort of Protection I mean is such as is adopted by nearly every other. In France, I believe, all coasting trade must be not only done under the French flag, but the crews must be French. In America, I do not think they are so strict as to the crews, but all trade from one part of America to another must be under the stars and stripes."

"What do you mean by modified bounty?"

"A plan that I think could be adopted and would, I feel sure, do much good. You know that at present all merchant seamen who join the Naval Reserve and do the qualifying drills receive a retaining fee—bounty you may call it. With this they are liable to be called upon to serve in the Navy should necessity arise. Extend this bounty system to the owners. For every efficient Naval Reserve man, whether officer or seaman, let the owner receive a fee, he, of course, having certain obligations to fulfil, such as looking more closely after the personal comfort of his men. This would encourage owners to employ British to the exclusion of foreign seamen, and would be a gain all round."

Thus pleasantly and interestingly passed away the luncheon hour. Afterwards Lord Brassey showed us his library, and then, having to keep an important engagement, bade us good-bye.

## The Nile and Its Dams

In the formal opening of the greatest of the Nile Dams, at Assouan, the Duke of Connaught completed a work which represents the triumph of man's energy over many obstacles. The most evident of the triumphs is that which has been achieved over the natural obstacle of the Nile. A river has been dammed which in the months of drought has a mean daily flow double the size of the Thames at flood time.

A few sentences must dispose of the general method of Egyptian irrigation. All cultivable land lies in a narrow strip on either side of the Nile, and into this green country canals from the Nile stretch out like the feathered bars on either side of an arrow. At flood Nile these canals are filled. At low Nile, during the summer months, they would be empty. Therefore the first great dam at the delta was built in order to keep the Nile flood from all running away to the Mediterranean, and in order to serve the irrigation canals of Lower Egypt. But now come the claims of Middle Egypt. At Assiout, four hundred miles higher up the river, another barrage has been built, and this will shore up the waters of the lean months, so that they may drip into a great canal, called the Ibrahimiye Canal, just above the barrage. But this is not enough storage. There must be a dam still higher up, which will serve as

quartz which had been promised, but a friable mica schist which crumbled and afforded no support. Consequently at such places the foundations had to be dug out as much as forty feet deeper, and the width at the base of the dam was correspondingly increased from 100 feet to 140 feet. The length of the dam from side to side of the river is a mile and a quarter; but this length embraces perhaps, a quarter of a mile of approaches. Its greatest height above the foundations is about 140 feet; but the difference of level between the water above the dam and below it is calculated at sixty-seven feet. It has been built of granite, all of which has come from the old quarries of Old Egypt, and much of which bears the chisel marks of the workers in stone who laboured for Joseph in the days of Pharaoh. One of the great features of the dam is its system of sluices. The dam is pierced by 180 of these openings, 140 of which are about twenty-three feet high and six feet six inches wide, and forty of which are a little more than half the height. These sluices are arranged at different levels, so as to regulate the outflow of banked-up water; and they are grouped in bunches of eights or fours, with solid buttresses between them for strength. The great work of building this dam over island and channel and on rock foundation, good and bad, was to have taken five years. The contract was signed in February, 1898; the work was to have been opened in July next year. But the unfailing support of Lord Cromer, the ability of Sir Benjamin



The King and Queen were present on Monday evening at the Imperial Theatre, at the first performance of *The Crossways*, Mrs. Langtry's and Mr. Hartley Manners's new play shortly to be produced in the United States. Their Majesties occupied the Royal box together with the Prince of Wales.

THE KING AND QUEEN AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE: THE AUTHORS OF "THE CROSSWAYS" BOWING THEIR ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

DRAWN BY H. M. PAGE

"Well, I do not think that Protection of any kind would be adopted by this country, but the sort of Protection I mean is such as is adopted by nearly every other. In France, I believe, all coasting trade must be not only done under the French flag, but the crews must be French. In America, I do not think they are so strict as to the crews, but all trade from one part of America to another must be under the stars and stripes."

In appearance the dam is a solid wall built across the river. It is a wall with a straight side towards the flow of the waters, and a slope downstream; so that at the top it is some twenty-four feet wide and a hundred feet wide at its base. The hundred-feet base is the average calculated width. As a matter of experience the rock on which the dam was built proved in some places to be not the hard diorite

Baker and the other official engineers; and, above all, the grit of the contractors, Sir John Aird and Co., and of their engineer, Mr. John Blue, have finished the task months before the allotted time. At times as many as 11,000 workmen have been employed upon the works here and at Assiout. The rough work has been done by natives; the stone dressing largely by Italian workmen; all the responsible work of supervision by English foremen. All the materials of engineering construction have come from British manufacturers. In addition to the work at Assiout, the task at Assouan has been increased by the building of a navigation channel and locks. The navigation channels approach the dam both up and down stream by cuttings half a mile long, and boats are lifted up or lowered down stream by a ladder of four locks, each of which is 260 feet long and thirty-two feet wide. The total lift over the 1,040 feet of their combined length is, of course, the difference between the water levels, sixty-seven feet. There are five lock gates thirty-two feet wide, and varying in height up to sixty feet. They are of an entirely different type from ordinary folding lock gates, being hung from the top on rollers, and moving like a sliding coach-house door. This arrangement was adopted for safety, owing to the enormous pressure of water, and each of the two upper gates is made strong enough to hold up the water assuming the four other gates to be destroyed.

E. S. G.



THE GREAT NILE DAM AT ASSOUAN, INAUGURATED ON WEDNESDAY BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT  
THE SERIES OF LOCKS BY WHICH VESSELS ASCEND AND DESCEND THE STREAM

DRAWS BY E. C. DICKINSON



A LEISURE HOUR AT DAMASCUS



THE RUINS OF BAALBEK



IN A SUBURB OF SMYRNA



LADIES OUTSIDE DAMASCUS



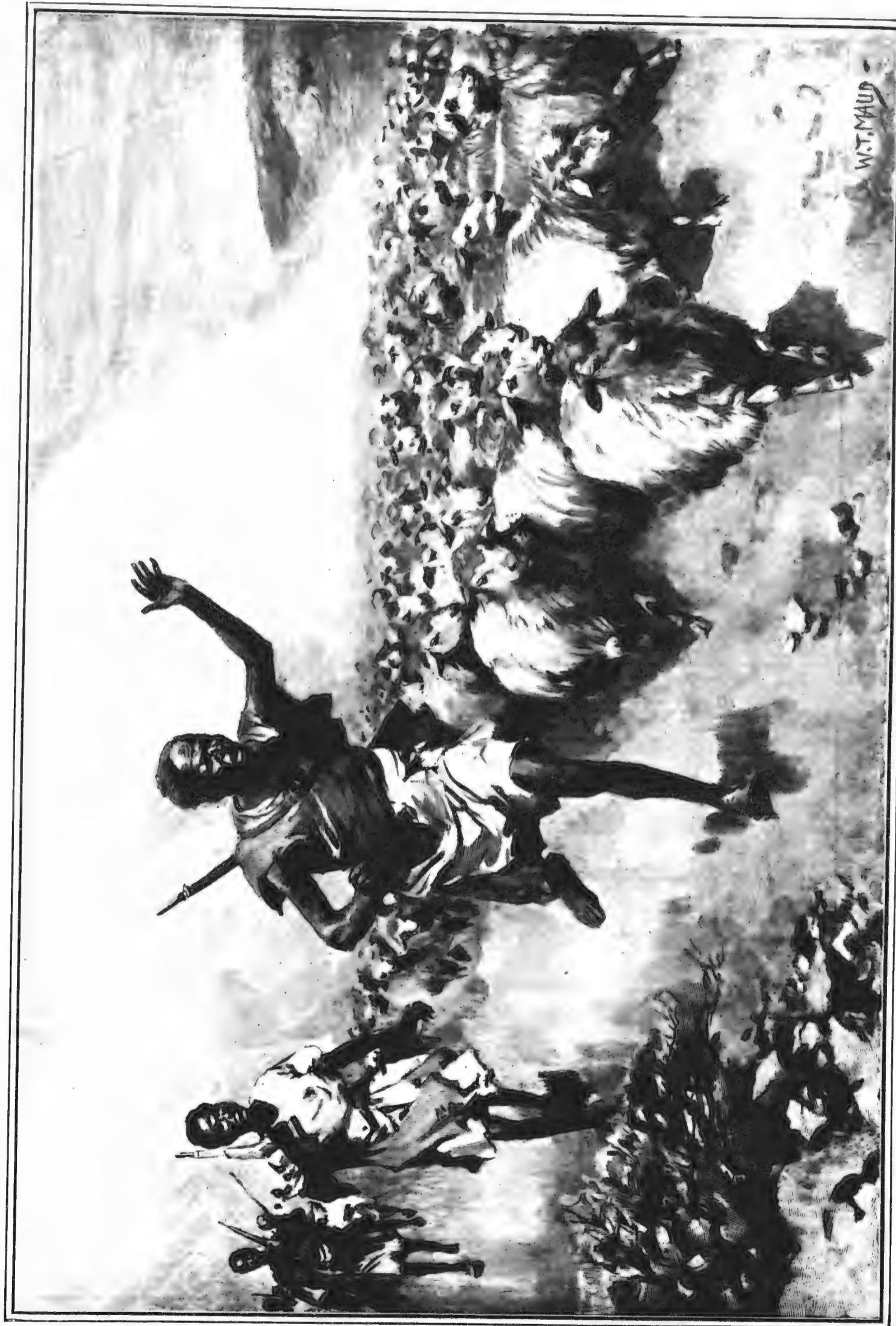
A SCENE AT BAALBEK



A CARRIAGE ON THE ROAD FROM MAALABRA TO BAALBEK

## THROUGH ASIA MINOR WITH A CAMERA

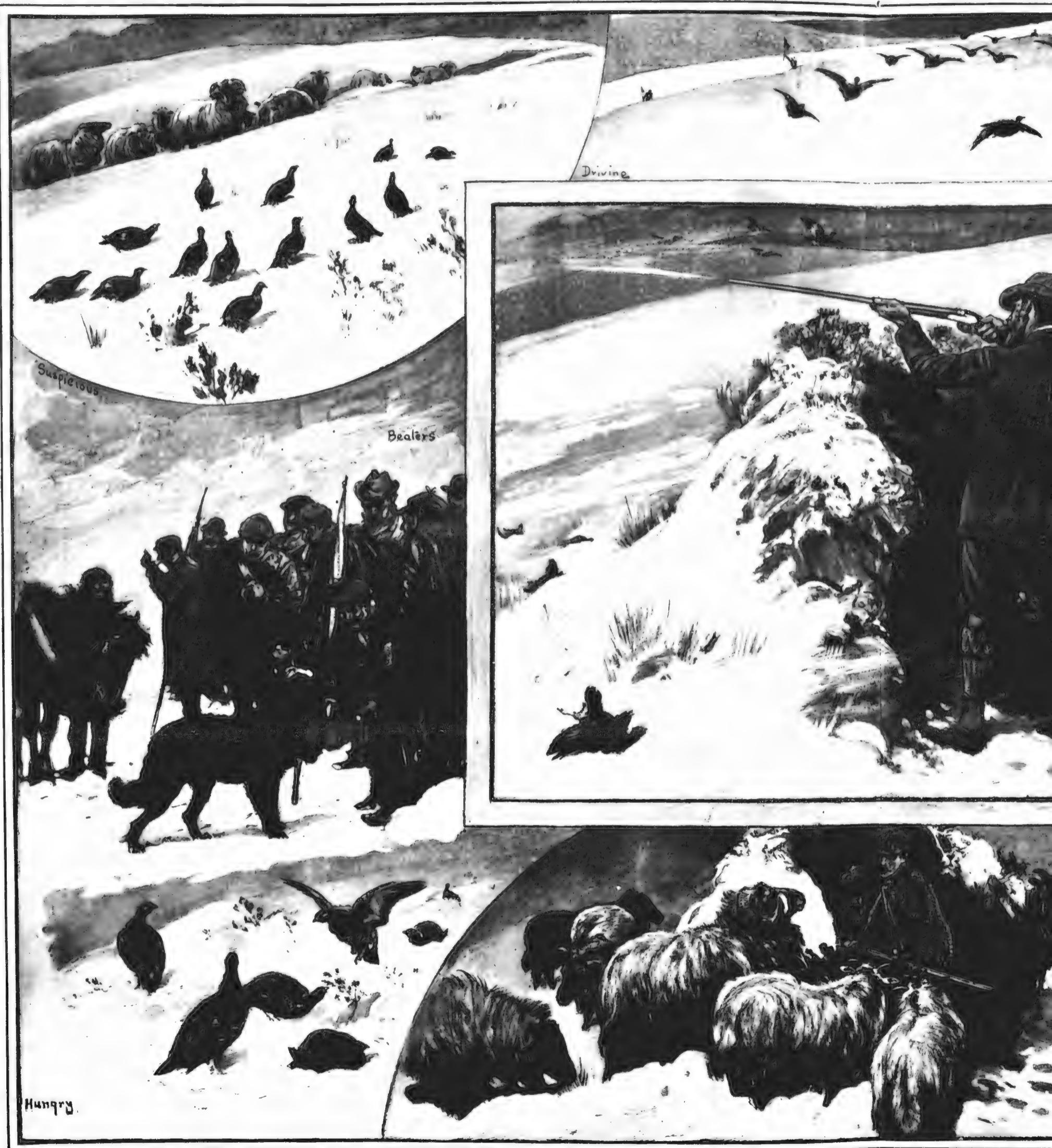
From Photographs by E. D. Stern



CAMPAGNING IN SOMALILAND: NATIVE LEVIES BRINGING IN SUPPLIES

From Illustrations in "The Graphic"

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD



THE END OF THE SEASON: GROUSE-DRIVING

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON



THE END OF THE SEASON: GROUSE-DRIVING IN THE SNOW

DRAWN BY JOHN CHARLTON

## The Royal Irish Constabulary

By SIR HARRY JOHNSTON, G.C.M.G.

ENGLAND has not sent many men of mark to conduct the Government of Ireland. But once, by accident or design, a man was happily chosen to reorganise and conduct the local administration of that country in the days when it really was distressful. This was Thomas Drummond, born and educated at Edinburgh. Drummond entered the Army (Royal Engineers) through the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. He soon gave evidence, however, of such an inventive and methodical genius that he gradually passed into the Government Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, a work which was pushed forward with great vigour after the close of the Napoleonic wars. He invented the limelight apparatus, which was afterwards known as Drummond's Light. After a short service as Private Secretary to a Chancellor of the Exchequer he was made Under-Secretary of State for Ireland in 1835. In less than five years he carried through the task of defining the boundaries of Irish boroughs and of introducing municipal reform. He was most active in promoting Irish railways. Best of all, he founded that splendid force which is now called the Royal Irish Constabulary. Prior to his action there was no consolidated police force in Ireland any more than at that day in England. Each county had a few guardians of the peace known as Barony Constables, and, later on, after the Napoleonic wars, a number of old soldiers were enlisted in a somewhat undisciplined police known as the Peace Preservation Force. These men apparently wore whatever uniform they could lay hands on. In Curtis's "History of the Royal Irish Constabulary" it is stated that officers occasionally carried Turkish crescent-shaped scimitars. Their men were dressed like Guardsmen, with scarlet cloaks like Hussars, and in other kinds of nondescript uniforms. They were mounted, and splendidly mounted, but not infrequently each policeman carried on a pad behind his saddle an esquire, who was armed with a rifle. Mr. Drummond died all too soon in 1840, worn out by the fatigue and exposure consequent on his work connected with the survey of Ireland and the mapping of the railways. Had he lived he certainly would have brought about a land settlement, and he might have put an end for ever to the woes of Ireland. But Providence is singularly perverse, and because this clever young Scotchman had the whole force of the English Government behind him, and was using it in the days that followed the Reform



A MONAGHAN MAN IN THE R.I.C.

Bill to make Ireland peaceful and prosperous, he was, of course, carried off by some disease of the lungs at the age of forty-three.

Before his death, however, he had re-organised the Police Force of Ireland. He made it a single body of carefully recruited men, to be called the Constabulary of Ireland, and to be controlled by one officer, entitled Inspector-General, under the direct orders nominally of the Lord-Lieutenant, actually of the Irish Secretary. With the exception of Dublin, which has a Metropolitan Police Force, also directly dependent on the Government, the Royal Irish Constabulary (as it was renamed by Her late Majesty in 1867) is the only police force in Ireland. It performs the ordinary duties of a town police as well as that of a country constabulary. It is a force which is far more military in its training than any police in England or Scotland. The Royal Irish Constabulary may be said to have saved Ireland from anarchy and rebellion. It is recruited almost entirely in Ireland, though, according to its constitution, it is not prescribed that recruits may not come from other parts of the United Kingdom. The standard height in recruits must not be below 5ft. 8in. As a matter of fact I should think that the average stature of the Constabulary was 5ft. 10in. The men who join it come from all parts of Ireland. They are usually the sons of small farmers, of that class which is just above the peasant. In these families it is said that the sons are disposed of as follows: The eldest son becomes a priest, the third son a policeman, the fourth son emigrates, and the fifth son—if the family contains so many—generally enlists in the Army.

The present strength of the Constabulary is about 13,000 officers and men. The officers are either selected by promotion from the position of Head Constable, or are nominated by the Chief Secretary for Ireland, who usually selects the sons of officers who have already served in this force. Those who are nominated for first appointment have to pass a severe Civil Service examination, which is, I believe, somewhat lighter in the case of men who are promoted from the ranks. The pay of a constable after he has ceased to be a probationer begins at 54/- a year, and rises with length of service to 70/-. There is also extra pay when on special duty, and there are allowances of various kinds, especially to married men who do not live in barracks. In the non-commissioned ranks the pay may rise by degrees to as much as 104/- a year. The pay of the officers of this force ranges from 125/- a year to 1,000/-, leaving out of account the supreme post of Inspector-General, which is sometimes—and not altogether fairly—given away to a distinguished soldier not connected with the force. The Inspector-General receives 1,500/- per annum. Besides this pay there are allowances which to some extent meet the cost of keeping



A SERGEANT IN GREAT-COAT AND LEGGINGS



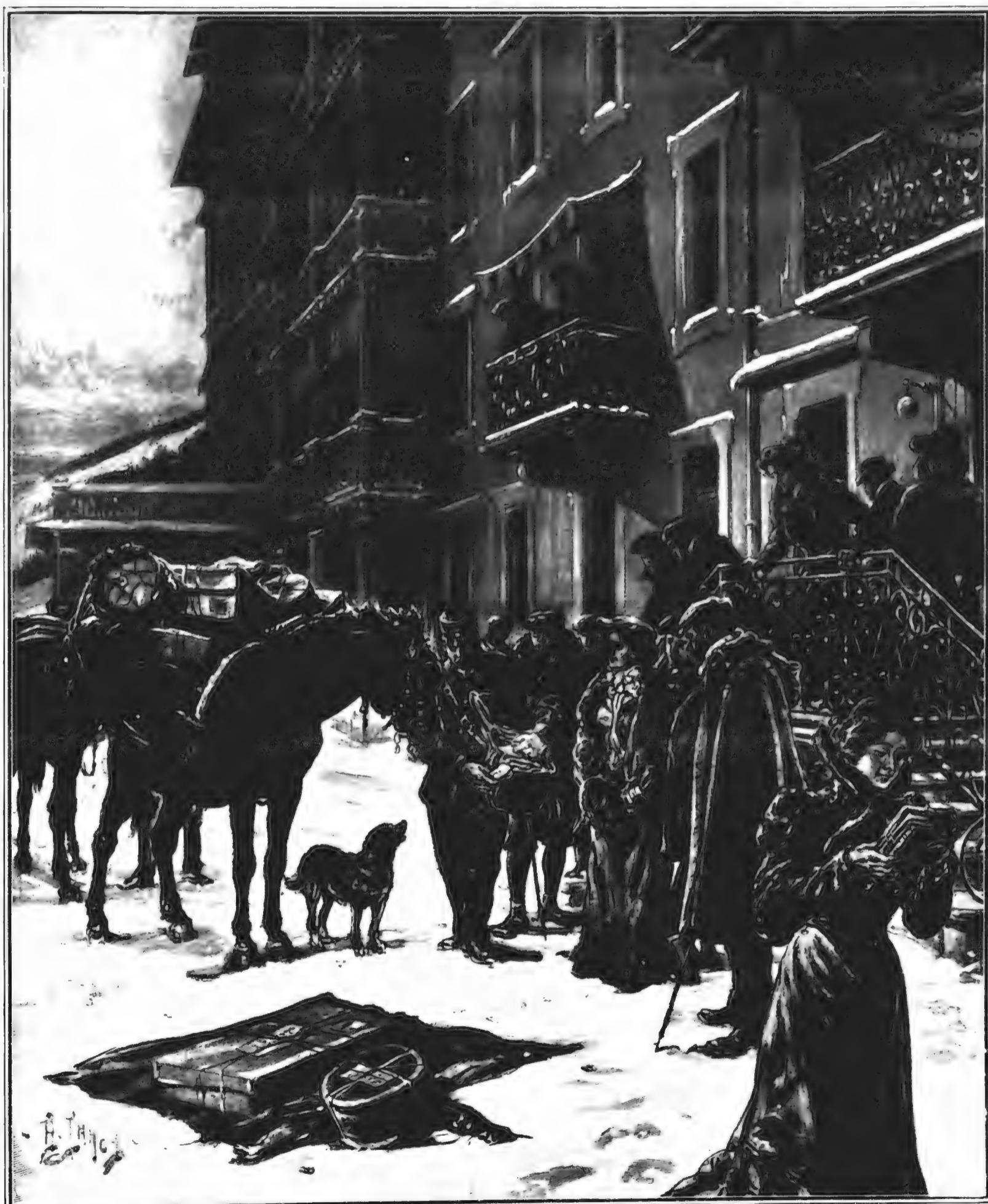
A CONSTABLE IN ORDINARY UNIFORM



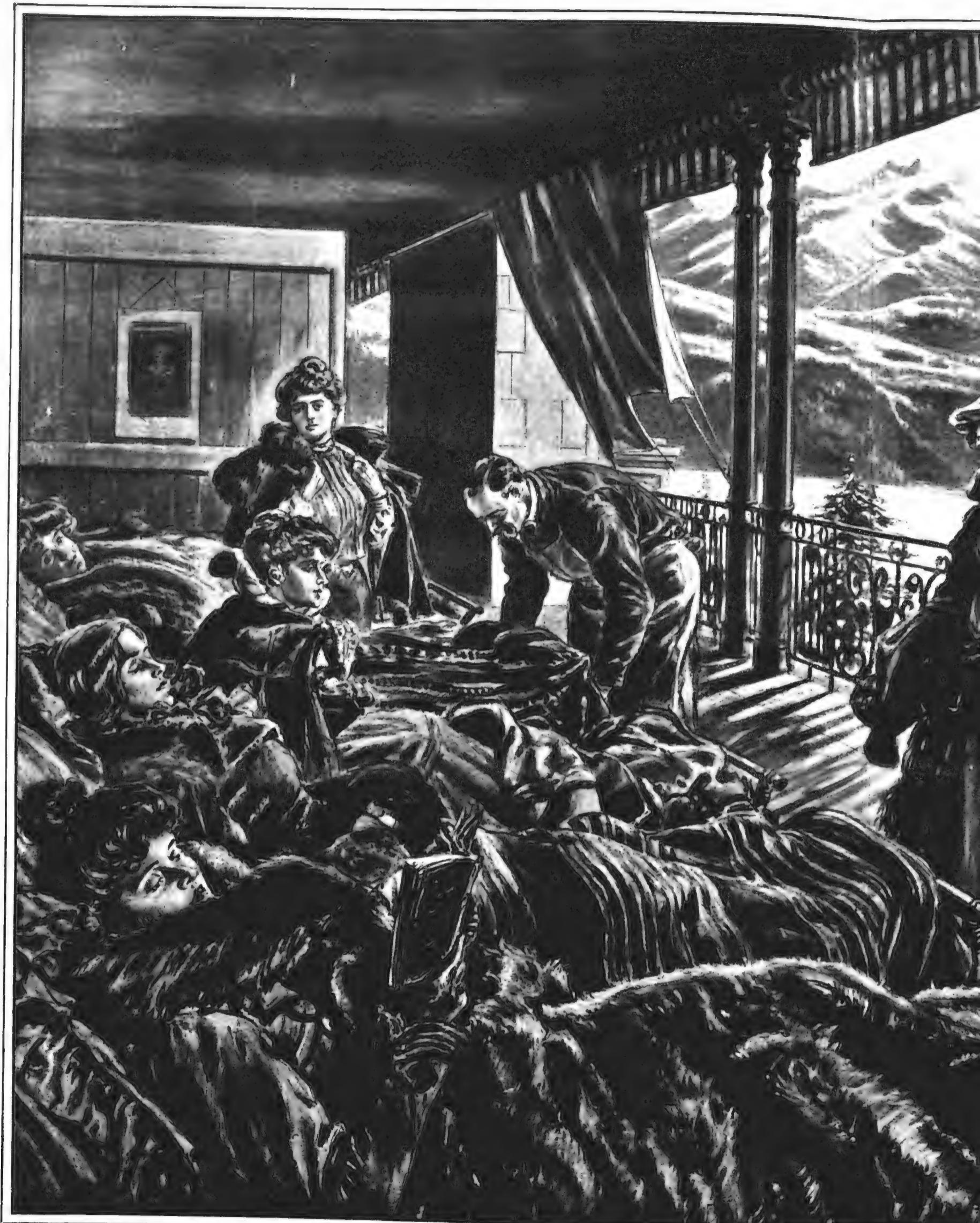
A CONSTABLE IN ORDINARY UNIFORM WITH A CAPE

# PLAYGROUND AND SANATORIUM—II.

WINTER SKETCHES IN SWITZERLAND DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. LANOS



THE OPEN-AIR CURE FOR CONSUMPTION AT MONTANA: THE POST ARRIVING AT THE BEAUREGARD SANATORIUM



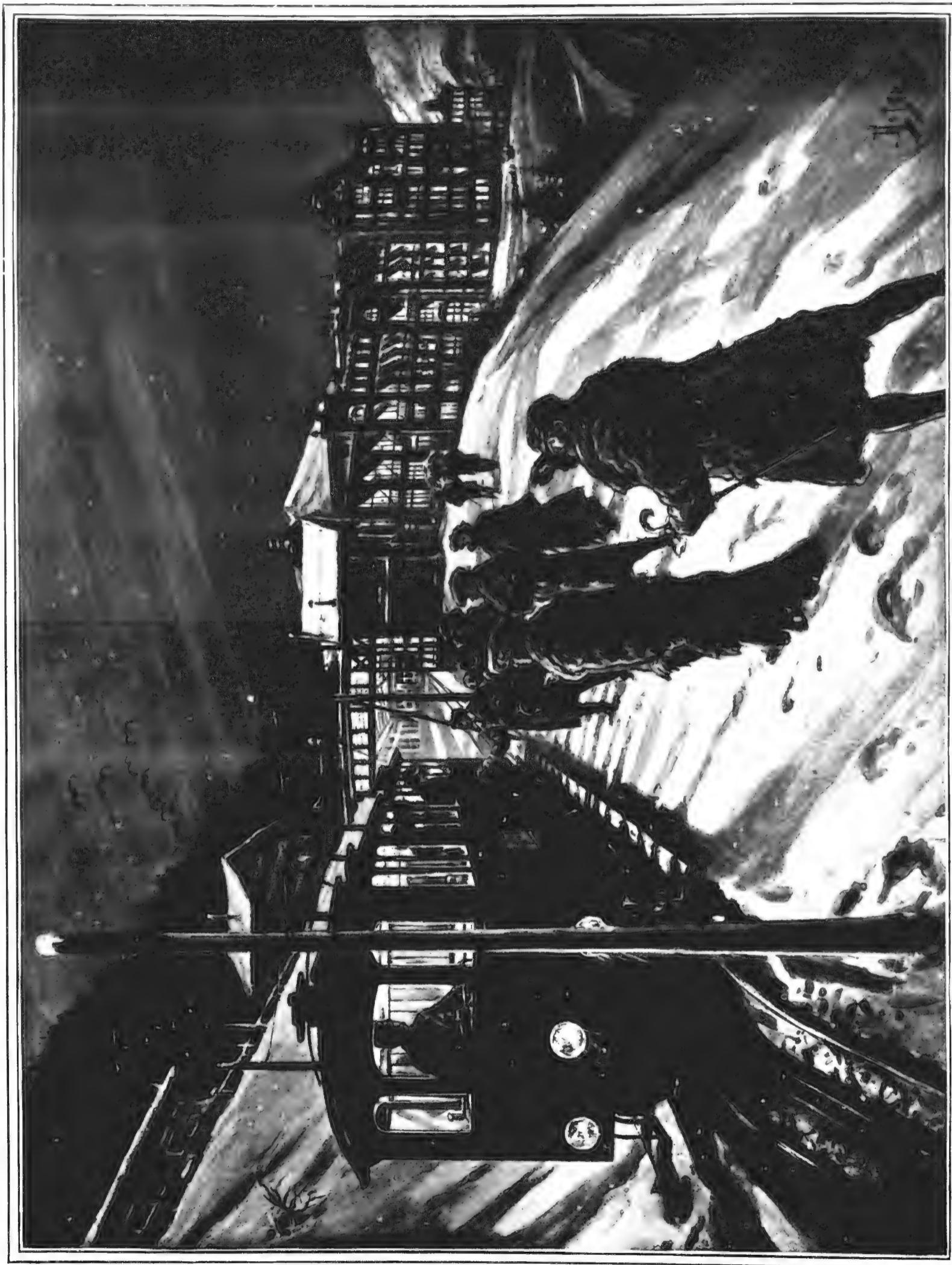
Several times every day, for a period of two hours, the women undergoing the cure sit or lie out on the terrace, in the open air, to benefit by the invigorating effect of the pure mountain air.

THE OPEN-AIR CURE FOR CONSUMPTION AT LEYSIN: THE



irs, the women undergoing the cure sit or lie out on this gallery, where they pass the time reading or writing

TION AT LEYSIN: THE BALCONY OF THE WOMEN'S QUARTERS



THE OPEN-AIR CURE FOR CONSUMPTION AT LEYSIN: HELTING A PATIENT ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE FUNICULAR TRAIN FROM LAUSANNE AT THE SANATORIUM



a horse and servant, using stationery, paying for rent and office, and there is also extra pay for special duty.

The constables may not marry until they have served for seven years. I believe one reason for discouraging matrimony during this time of probation is the idea that if the men marry too young and in the neighbourhood where they are stationed they may become too much mixed up with local interests.

The uniform of the Constabulary is smart and soldierly. It is a cloth of a very dark green, which is practically black. The uniform of the mounted police differs from the unmounted not only in cut but in colour, inclining more to the dark blue with which we are familiar in England. The tunic of the mounted constable is not unlike that of the English policeman in his winter garb. As regards shape, the uniform of the unmounted constable is sufficiently illustrated by my drawings. Quite recently the men's head-dress has been changed, and changed to advantage as regards the picturesque, though the Guard-men caps served out to them are said to be not nearly so convenient as their predecessors, the small round caps (also similar to what were worn by the Guardsmen of that day), which were fastened round the chin by a strap and stuck on at an angle. The men, however, decidedly appreciate the peak, which shades their eyes. On great occasions they wear helmets. The round caps of former days are still retained by the mounted police.

For intelligence, patience, politeness, and general good behaviour there is no force of men in the world that can compare with the Irish Constabulary. As guardians of the peace they are most efficient. But a complaint is gradually beginning to grow in Belfast and other large towns that, splendid as the police are for the suppression of disorder and the detection of crime, they are of little use for the safeguarding of property. If anybody leaves a house unoccupied for a short time in Belfast, or any other town, the glass of the windows will very soon be broken by naughty urchins, and it is stated that the constables do not show a very keen desire merely to defend property. In all probability, the time has now come for Belfast, like Dublin, to have a Metropolitan Police of its own.

The Royal Irish Constabulary have splendidly appointed barracks at their headquarters in Dublin, or, rather, in the suburbs of Dublin, on one side of the beautiful Phoenix Park. Here there is a very interesting armoury, containing a collection of strange-looking arms that have been surrendered at different times in the disaffected districts. These weapons (which consist of every form of firearm from the sixteenth century downwards, of pikes and swords and daggers and javelins) are considered to be the property of the persons who surrendered them. If an offer is made to purchase them for export the original owner or his heirs are consulted. If the price is accepted, the money is sent to them. Persons in search of trophies and curiosities might do well to obtain permission to inspect this very interesting museum. There is a

fine gymnasium in these same barracks; elsewhere there are swimming schools. Probably no body of armed men is so highly and variously educated as the Royal Irish Constabulary. They can all write English well, expressing themselves tersely and grammatically. Many of them are taught shorthand. All are trained as regards the recovery to life of drowned persons and in ambulance work. Others, again, take up certain branches of chemistry in order to be able to deal with the question of distilling in relation to



A MOUNTED CONSTABLE OF THE ROYAL IRISH CONSTABULARY

the illicit stills. Needless to say, the mounted police are splendid horsemen; nearly every able-bodied Irishman is a born rider. We have of late in England produced a policeman painter and a police man poet. Still, the average constable, however worthy and efficient, is usually taciturn and rustic in arranging and expressing his thoughts. It is not so amongst the Irish Constabulary, where not a few of the men are poets without knowing it. They are most interesting men to talk with, especially when their years of service are many. They are proud of their country, and conscious of her many beauties of landscape. Many a tourist in Ireland owes the pleasure of unexpected trips, the finding of rare plants, birds, beasts or insects, the revelation of exquisite nooks of scenery, or his extraction from disagreeable surroundings to some constable of the Royal Irish Constabulary, or, more often, to a pair of these men, for in lonely districts they patrol in couples. To my thinking, if anyone wishes to see a splendid epitome of Irish manhood, an example of what Irishmen may become under discipline, he may turn to the Royal Irish Constabulary as the highest expression of the four mingled races who have populated Ireland.

## Our Bookshelf

### GENERAL VILJOEN ON THE WAR.

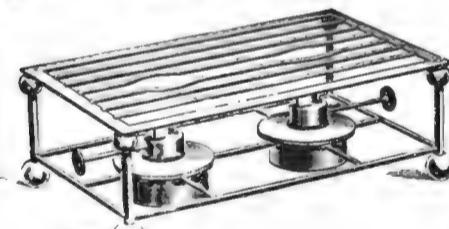
GENERAL BEN VILJOEN, in his book, has attacked a vast subject in a manly, straightforward, unaffected style, and his volume is sure to be read with interest, though it is not for a moment to be anticipated that every reader will be entirely at one with the General in all the theories he advances. Maybe it is too much to expect either that Viljoen, who was one of the successors of Napoleon on the Island of St. Helena, should quite fall in with all the notions of Colonel Price. Who will blame the latter in that he took considerable precautions for the security of his charges? But precaution, according to the General, was overdone. In fact, he says that Colonel Price "appeared to be possessed with the very demon of distrust, and conjured up about us the same fantastic and mythical plans of escape as Sir Hudson Lowe attributed to Napoleon." It is to these "absurd suspicions" that the General traces the "bitterly offensive regulations enforced on us." But, after all! Well, after all, were the suspicions so absurd? Moreover, the reference to Lord Roberts' "Last Phase" will also bring back the statement made at the time that work appeared, concerning the possible caustic comments on Sir Hudson in the House of Commons, if his Imperial prisoner had given him the slip. Fortunately, Viljoen did not escape, but occupied his time in composing this plain, unvarnished tale, which is excellent all through, and more excellent still when he leaves politics alone, though, of course, everybody will agree that "a calm and statesmanlike Government" is the thing for South Africa now. It may be, of course, that we have had, if anything, too many books about the late war, but there is a great attraction about works such as this and De Wet's, which reveal the other side. The book is certainly one to read, though, to be sure, a great deal will strike a more than familiar note to those who have followed the accounts, as the majority of us have done, since a vast array of facts are but little susceptible to varying treatment, irrespective of opposite views. The melancholy De Kock incident is, of course, touched upon, and need not be lingered over here; and the General has been at pains to pass in review a myriad details of the campaign, which suggests voluminous note-taking whilst hostilities were still under weigh. He is severe in his comments on the destruction of "Long Tom," which he characterises as a piece of pure treachery, and a shocking piece of neglect, condemning Commandant Weilbach, who ought to have defended this gun with the whole of his Heidelberg commando, and who was unfaithful to his charge. It is not the absence of sustained rancour throughout the book which will cause surprise, for, whatever his faults, Viljoen was a brave

\* "My Reminiscences of the Anglo-Boer War." (Published by Hood, Dugdale and Howard, 11, Clifford's Inn.)

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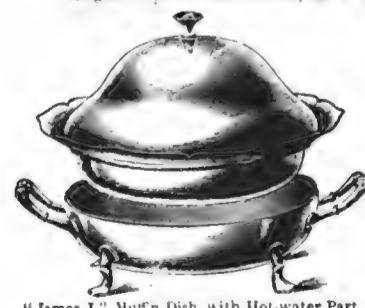


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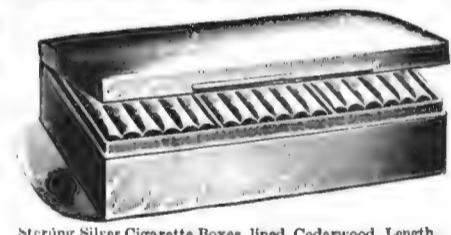
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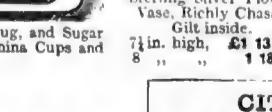
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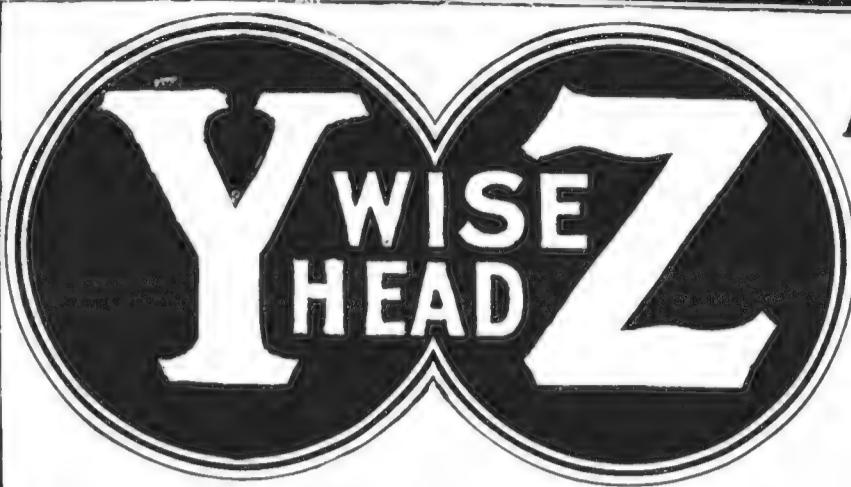


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man, so much as the lack of "startling revelations" and really new material. Maybe there were no revelations to make, which would seem to be the case, since Viljoen was a leader who was well behind the scenes until the episode near Lydenburg, when he fell a prisoner into British hands. The General has no bad opinion of the British officer. He is far more complimentary in this respect than De Wet:

"Generally speaking, I consider the British officer a very brave man, though I do think that he sometimes is guilty of excess in this respect—that is to say that he goes impractically to work, and the young officer especially is driven by ambition to do desperate and stupid things. To this foolhardiness may be largely attributed the heavy losses in officers suffered by the British Army in the War."

General Viljoen has a good word for Tommy, who has to perform a tremendous lot of work for very poor pay, though it did not require a Boer general to tell us that much, while even better reading is his comment on the Stormberg reverse. In his wind-up the General deprecates certain statements made by Dr. Conan Doyle, but it is unnecessary to enter this field. It is enough to say that the book is, on the whole, extremely fair and from the pen of a man who was the enemy of yesterday, and who, it is to be hoped, is the excellent friend and ally of to-day and to-morrow, will certainly command respect.

#### "HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN LONDON"

The newest volume of the "Highways and Byways" series (Macmillan and Co.) is written by Mrs. E. T. Cook and lavishly illustrated by Hugh Thomson and F. L. Griggs. Mrs. Cook is an admirable guide; she knows her London in and out; she is equally at home in writing of Mayfair and of City courts, and she has a wealth of knowledge relating to literary and historical associations. This, taken together with the fact that she is a writer who could not be dull if she tried, make her book very delightful reading. Surely, though, she is a little hard upon poor Clifford's Inn! One may pass over her contemptuous allusion to the garden as a "cat walk," but when she continues in this wise other pictures rise in one's mind: "It is a railed-in garden of desolation, its turf long ago forgotten, its gravel paths even obliterated, a dingy strip of earth under a few mangy trees. Surely nobody can have entered that rusty gate for at least a hundred years." To talk thus of the plane trees, which are each resident's delight, is an outrage. Mrs. Cook can never have sat at a Clifford's Inn window in the spring, when the wood-pigeons build in these "mangy trees," and the hawthorn over the rusty gate with its scattered flowers reminds you that somewhere in the country far away, hedges are a mass of bloom, while "within living memory" that little court has been scattered with tables, at which a fashionable gathering took lunch and tea. The illustration which we reproduce shows children clustering round a fountain in that favourite resort, St. James's Park—the park which, in Tudor times, was a swampy field, pertaining to a hospital "for fourteen maids that were leprosy." Henry VIII. made the field a park, or rather a private garden. In Charles II.'s time it was made public. "There is a story that Queen Caroline, wife to George II., wished to appropriate the park once more for the sole use of the Palace, and asked 'what it would cost to effect this?' 'Only three crowns,' was the pithy answer of the Minister, Sir Robert Walpole."



CHILDREN AT THE FOUNTAIN: ST. JAMES'S PARK  
From "Highways and Byways in London." Illustrated by Hugh Thomson and F. L. Griggs (Macmillan and Co.)

#### "THE FASCINATION OF LONDON"

As many people know, the late Sir Walter Besant when he died was engaged upon a complete survey of London with a view to producing a record which should preserve the history, historical and literary associations and mighty buildings of the greatest of all cities. His scheme included several volumes on the history of London as a whole, and these he finished up to the end of the eighteenth century. These were to be followed by volumes which should embody a regular and systematic perambulation of London by different persons, so that the history of each parish should be complete in itself. It is several of these little booklets—sections of the complete work—which are now being issued in most attractive form by Messrs. A. and C. Black, under the inclusive heading

of "The Fascination of London." Beautifully printed, with maps and frontispieces, and bound both in cloth and limp leather, they are volumes which the London lover cannot afford to miss. The four before us are "The Strand" and "Westminster," each written by Sir Walter Besant and G. E. Mitton, and "Hampstead and Marylebone" and "Chelsea," written by Mr. Mitton and edited by Sir Walter Besant.

#### "THE FOUR FEATHERS"

The psychology of courage, and its opposite, is a subject of perpetual interest to nearly all men, and probably to quite all women. It need hardly be said that the four feathers of which the story (Smith, Elder and Co.) is told by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, are white in colour. Three of them were posted by as many of his brother officers to Harry Faversham, who had sent in his papers after receiving information that his regiment was to be ordered on active service against the Mahdi in 1882. The fourth was given him from her fan by his lady-love, Ethne Eustace, who was present when the other three fluttered from their jacket. He was, in fact, though the heir of a long line of fighting men whose only characteristic was a stupid sort of bulldog courage, a coward—that is to say, the victim of an imagination which magnified unseen peril, and made him dread, not death or pain, but his inability to meet it without disgracing those whose honour was more to him than his own. How that very imagination, which quailed before itself, was the direct cause of heroic courage when peril became real, is the theme of Mr. Mason's novel. In his determination to retrieve his honour—a veritable labour of Hercules—he passes alone, not through battle, but through deliberately courted torture, to rescue the donor of one of the feathers from the horrors of a three years' captivity at Omdurman. That three of the white feathers become his glory, and the fourth—which is Ethne's—becomes his reward, no reader will have failed to surmise. That is the main story; but it is blunt, always interestingly, but (it must be owned) often clumsily, with other studies in various kinds of courage, among which it will be an excellent exercise in psychological gymnastics to award the palm.

#### "THE MYSTERY OF JOHN PEPPERCORN"

To give an comprehensible condensation of Mr. Tom Gallon's "Mystery of John Peppercorn" (Hutchinson and Co.) is out of the question. Though made up of such well-worn materials as loss of memory, murder, money, and so forth, the result is on anything but conventional, or even possible, lines. No doubt Mr. Gallon is weary by this time of being called an imitator of Dickens; and, at any rate, the extravagance of his present plot puts any such comparison out of the question, extravagant as many of the plots of Dickens certainly were. But, for the rest, he must be content to accept the compliment once more. The conversion of a particularly shady solicitor to honesty; the temporary semi-idiocy of a usurer's drudge (the John Peppercorn whose loss of memory is the foundation of the story), and a certain Mrs. Jernegan, housekeeper to a candidate for delirium tremens, compel the reader to think of Dickens at every turn. This, of course, is not fault-finding; but, as in the later works of the master, the disciple also shows signs of a falling off in the lightness of his hands.

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THE LATE SIR FRANK GREEN

Lord Mayor of London in 1900

Sir Frank Green, Bart., was sixty-seven years of age, and had been an Alderman of the City of London since 1891. He was Sheriff of London in 1897-8 and Lord Mayor of London in 1900, when he was created a baronet. He was senior partner of the firm of paper merchants bearing his name. Sir Frank married a daughter of the late Joseph Haydn, the author of "Haydn's Dictionary of Dates." Our portrait is by A. Ellis and Walery, Baker Street.



THE LATE MR. T. B. REED

Late Ex-Speaker of the American House of Representatives

Mr. Thomas Reed, the ex-Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, was one of the most prominent figures in American public life. A man of rare intellectual power and of enormous independence of character, a powerful orator, and a noted wit, "Tom" Reed, as he was popularly called, commanded the admiration and respect alike of friends and foes. Many stories are told of his ready tongue, and some of his sayings have become quite famous.



THE LATE COLONEL H. McCALMONT

M.P. for Newmarket Division

Colonel Harry Leslie Blundell McCalmont was born in 1861. He was educated at Eton, and after joining the 1st Battalion 6th Royal Regiment, subsequently entered the Scots Guards. He served in South Africa during 1899 with the Warwickshire Regiment (Militia Battalion). He was a prominent figure in the sporting world. Colonel McCalmont had sat as a Conservative for Newmarket since 1895. He derived his great wealth from his late uncle, Mr. Hugh McCalmont. Our portrait is by Graham, Leamington Spa.

## "PINTORICCHIO" \*

It is a striking proof of the advance of public taste—at least of a considerable section of the art-loving community—that a *cinqcentista* artist such as Pintoricchio should have developed into a cult of a serious and sincere character. Within the last few years we have had the books of Herr Steinmann and Miss March Phillipps, and this autumn we are given the magnificent monographs by M. Boyer d'Agen and of Signor Corrado Ricci. It is the last-named which is before us—a splendid volume, embellished with photogravures and colour-plates "in process," heightened with gold in the manner of the original pictures. It was such plates as these that the Arundel Society sought to place before the public for its improvement and entertainment.

There is, perhaps, no painter whose life in his work is so quietly interesting and whose art-career is so instructive, as Pintoricchio, whom we must accept as the initiator of the first Italian Renaissance. In the centre of the social life of his day; knowing the Court; working for and with Perugino; the brilliant artist, whose works in the Sistine Chapel, the decorations in the Borges Rooms in the Vatican, the frescoes in the Cathedral Library of Siena, have claimed for him a position in the front rank, offers a fascinating subject for study and for discussion. Signor Ricci, the erudite author of the well-known work on Correggio, has "reconstructed" the artist's

\* "Pintoricchio, His Life, Work, and Time." By Corrado Ricci. (Heinemann, 1902. Five Guineas.)

life, and with equal learning and vivacity has set forth the results of that modern research which has vindicated Pintoricchio's reputation for a long while unjustly eclipsed. It is a little tiresome that the pictures are arranged only in order of date, and that "The Return of Ulysses," as printed on the National Gallery plate, should be indexed only under "Penelope," and that no complete list of illustrations is given. But these are small matters in comparison with the text, with its crowd of authorities for those who need them, its scholarly appreciation of presumptive evidence, and its full and intelligent record. The translation by Miss Florence Simmonds could not be bettered.

## "CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPEDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE"

The volume before us is the second of the new edition by David Patrick, LL.D., and deals exclusively with the literature and writers of the eighteenth century—a century which introduced many new phases into literature. It gave us, as Mr. Austin Dobson reminds us in an able review of this period, the first daily newspaper, "and by the pen of Defoe and his humbler allies, an extraordinary and unprecedented development of journalism; it gave us, by the pens of Addison and Steele, a form of essay which, differing as widely from the essay of Bacon as from the essay of Temple, set its model to its own day and to ours. Under Richardson and Steele it gave us practically the modern novel; under Hume and Robertson and Gibbon what was practically

the modern history. Finally, it gave us in its earlier years a Poetry of Convention unexampled in its mechanical accomplishment, which, while presenting many of the features of an age of Prose, was still Poetry, and which, exhausting itself after a career of exceptional vigour and brilliancy, left the soil prepared for the gradual but irresistible growth of a truer Poetry of Nature and Romance."

## MOTOR-CARS

The latest "automobile" work is "Motor-cars and the Application of Mechanical Power to Road Vehicles" (T. Fisher Unwin), by Rhys Jenkins, who has dealt comprehensively with his subject. Not only does the author trace the evolution of the present vehicle from its very earliest days, but he devotes considerable space to descriptions of carriages of to-day, British and foreign, whether driven by petrol, electricity, or steam. The mechanical details are described with much lucidity, and the reader, even if he possess no knowledge of mechanics, cannot fail to grasp the principles upon which the machinery of all three kinds of motors—petrol, steam, or electrical—are constructed. The admirable illustrations, numbering over a hundred, including one of the King on a motor-car, are of the greatest assistance in demonstrating the different phases through which the vehicle has passed before reaching its present utility, and in showing clearly the principle of the various cars now in use.

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## "THE WHITE WOLF"

"Q's" collection of nineteen sketches and stories, under the title of "The White Wolf, and Other Fireside Tales" (Methuen and Co.), may be commended to readers who prefer a single volume of light reading to a multitude of magazines. None are of any special importance: "Parson Jack's Fortune," "The Burglary Club," and, in general, those relating to the byways of Cornish life and character, being, as one would expect, the most interesting and attractive. However, there is book-making and book-making, and "Q's" is always of the better kind.

## THE BEAUTIES OF ENGLAND

Nearly everybody attempts photography nowadays, from the small boy with his camera costing a few shillings, to the luxurious amateur equipped with the latest innovations. But great is the gulf between the average photograph and the beautifully finished work collected together in "One Hundred Gems of English Scenery" (Graphotype Company). These are real pictures, with every detail skilfully brought out, clear and sharp, yet the whole displaying artistic softness and delicacy. The brief description accompanying each photograph is just sufficient for its purpose, and altogether the work will make a charming Christmas gift.

## L'ENFANT TERRIBLE

The author who has suddenly made a hit with one particular book always runs the risk of having his later writings compared

with his first success, and, as a rule, not with advantage. It is inevitable, therefore, that when the author of "Helen's Babies" produces another record of childish humour, comparisons prove a little bit odious in dealing with "The Tiger and the Insect" (Heinemann). Once again Mr. John Habberton draws a fascinating pair of pickles—girls instead of boys this time, but very near copies of our old friends Foddie and Budge in their quaint sayings, their innocent mischief and their terrible capacity for observation and plain speaking, to the discomfiture of their relations and acquaintances. Amusing though the book is, it lacks the freshness and originality of its predecessor, while the childish dialect ends in becoming rather wearisome.

## FREAKS AND FANCIES

Certain odd creatures from the realm of imagination are safe to reappear at Christmastide—like Mr. G. E. Farrow's entertaining creation, the Wallypug. This year the Wallypug has been stolen from his kingdom, so a brother and sister duly go "In Search of the Wallypug" (Pearson) in company of another old friend, the Dodo, and a cockatoo, whose luggage, in the shape of a green portmanteau, is a very Fortunatus' purse. With such companions the search naturally proves very curious and exciting, especially when the hero and heroine encounter such important characters of fairy lore as Oberon and Titania, the Yellow Dwarf, and the Marquess of Carabos; and small people will follow the narrative with breathless interest till they find the Wallypug restored to his kingdom and

the conceited Dodo properly snubbed. Modern romances are not to have it all their own way, for there will be plenty of readers to be found for the fresh editions of dear old favourites such as "The Wonderful Adventures of Baron Munchausen" (Dean), wherein Doris Hayman has ingeniously omitted anything unsuitable for young folk, or "Hruff's Fairy Tales" (Dean), neatly adapted by Cecily M'Donnell. Both these books have plenty of nice illustrations. The next pair of fairy stories are more of the romantic than the humorous type. Bewitching fairies, cruel enchanters, lovely Princesses and gallant Princes play busy parts in "The Dew Babies" (Hutchinson), gracefully written and illustrated by Helen Probditch and W. T. Whitehead, while "Princes Three and Seekers Seven" (Elliot Stock), by Maia Colquhoun, the history of the finding of our old friend the White Cat combined with the adventures of the Prince's brothers—has already won popularity and now appears in a cheap edition. To turn to the picture-book proper, all owners of puppies in the training stage will recognise the truth of "A Dog-Day" (Heinemann), wherein Cecil Aldin pictures, and Walter Emmanuel describes, a day in the life of a young fox-terrier. Mr. Aldin knows his subject well and draws the mischievous dog to the life, his sketches being full of drollery. There are some cleverly drawn comic animals too, by Harry Nelson, in "Games and Gambols" (Blackie), for which John Brymer furnishes the verses. Just the thing to give the little ones a hearty laugh, nor could they fail to be amused by the merry pictures and stories of "Mr. Punch's Book for Children" (Punch office) told and illustrated by Charles Pears.

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## "DIARY OF A JOURNEY TO ENGLAND IN THE YEARS 1761-1762" \*

This is certainly one of the most entertaining books of the season. The opinions of an educated foreigner on England, its institutions, its *beau monde*, etc., cannot fail to be interesting, particularly when admirably translated, as is the volume before us. How it came to be written is best told in the translator's own words. In her preface the Countess Kielmanssge writes:—

One day, on looking through the library at my German home, I came upon a manuscript written by my husband's great grandfather, containing a diary of his journey to England in the years 1761-1762, in which he describes for the benefit of his German family and friends, the Coronation of George III., which he witnessed. London and its sights, the society of the day, and his visits to various towns and country places in England.

Count Kielmanssge and his brother, who accompanied him on his journey, were attached to the Court of Hanover, and (it might as well be said here) owed their introduction into English Society to their aunt, Viscountess Howe. On their drive from Harwich to London they found, as many a foreigner has found, both before and since, the "whole of this country is not unlike a well-kept garden; you pass a succession of towns, boroughs, country houses, meadows between hedges, and fields in which all kinds of cattle are grazing." There were few places of note in the "extensive town of London" which they did not visit, Ranelagh and Vauxhall the Count seemed to be charmed with. Of the latter he says:—

Everybody here can choose the society he prefers, as, contrary to the custom which generally prevails in England, no distinction is made between the several

\* "Diary of a Journey to England in the Years 1761-1762." By Count Frederick Kielmanssge. Translated by Countess Kielmanssge. (Longmans)

classes; so that you never know, unless you actually come across them, whether the Duke of York (who is seldom absent) or any other member of the Royal Family is present or not, and you are not expected to take off your hat to them.

The two brothers were devoted to both the theatre and the opera, in the first of which they saw *Mistress Clive*, Miss Pope, and, in *The Betrothal's Stratagem*, "the famous actor-in-chief of this company," Garrick. The Count writes:—"In general the English theatre has the advantage of a good cast, for every piece, and the faces of the actors look as if they are cut out for the characters they represent." Indeed all places of interest in London, including a menagerie and a cock-pit, the Count visited, and he comments on many of the beautiful gardens of England, such as Stowe, Lord Harrington's garden on Richmond Hill, Oatland's Park, and others. He also witnessed the races at Newmarket, where the betting proclivities of the nobility rather surprised him, as did the swindling tactics of the betting men and others. It only remains to be said that the volume contains some interesting portraits.

## "AMONG SWAMPS AND GIANTS IN EQUATORIAL AFRICA" \*

Fortunately, it is not often that British officers are called upon to endure such terrible hardships as fell to the lot of Major Austin, D.S.O., R.E., and his companions, Major Bright and Dr. Garner, in their difficult and—so many of their men fatal journey from Omdurman to Mombasa. Rarely, indeed, has such pluck and endurance under great physical suffering been evinced. Within the last three years Major Austin has conducted two separate

\* "Among Swamps and Giants in Equatorial Africa." By Major H. H. Austin. (Pearson.)

expeditions, for purposes of survey, into the unexplored regions that lie between the Egyptian and Abyssinian boundaries. The handsome volume in which he narrates his pathetic, nay tragic, story, is divided into two parts. The first treats of the expedition of 1899-1900, to the Sobat region. The second and more important part treats of the longer journey. "It is a constant of arduous work impeded by scarcity of food and water; of dangers and escapes among hordes of hostile Turkana, a race bordering and south of Lake Rudolf, who are veritable giants in stature. . . . I and my two comrades," he continues, "to whose loyal co-operation I am much indebted, barely escaped with our lives, and of the fifty-nine Soudanese by whom we were accompanied as escort, etc., only fourteen reached safety with us." The expedition set out from Omdurman on January 3, and no very serious difficulties were encountered until the following May. By that time the food was exhausted, and several men had been treacherously stabbed by the Turkana, who dogged the party as they cut their way through the bush. Before the end of June death had played fearful havoc amongst the Soudanese and Jihadi. Major Austin himself had developed scurvy of a most virulent type, which caused intense bleeding from the nose and mouth, and naturally great weakness; whilst Major Bright was suffering from fever. At one time as many as eleven deaths occurred in two days. Eventually Major Austin heard of a white man being in the district, and he despatched a letter to him by a native, and some days later Mr. Hyde Baker, the collector of the Baringo district appeared on the scene with food and delicacies of all kinds, and also a hammock for the leader.

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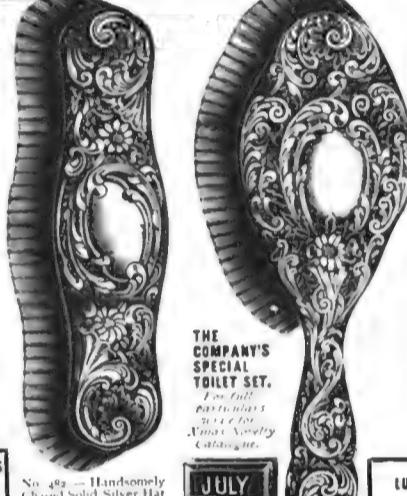
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## Music Notes

THE chief musical event of the past week in London was the re-appearance of the great Berlin conductor, Herr Richard Strauss, who came here to direct the production, at the Queen's Hall, of his tone-poem, *Ein Heldenleben*.

Herr Richard Strauss is now, perhaps, the acknowledged chief of the "advanced" school among German composers, a school which, despite the opposition of the Kaiser, who has expressed a decided preference for simple melody, must necessarily attract attention. In *Ein Heldenleben*, which was produced at Frankfort nearly four years ago, and was then described as a companion work to his *Don Quixote*, Herr Strauss has certainly gone even beyond Liszt in that master's famous theory of the transformation of themes, and also beyond Wagner, as exemplified in the *Ring* and *Tristan*, in the wonderful development of the *leitmotif*. The composition, in six sections without break, and occupying about forty minutes in performance, utilises upwards of seventy themes; the workmanship

being designedly of the most complex character, so that it is not very easy to appreciate or even to grasp it all at first hearing. Moreover, the composer has complicated matters by seeking to illustrate an almost impossible "programme," in which we are bidden to recognise "the inward battles of life" and "a heroism which aspires through effort and renouncement towards the elevation of the soul." To depict these problems in the orchestra is, of course, a hopeless task.

Nevertheless, both in idea and in achievement, *A Hero's Life* is remarkable even in ultra-modern music. Herr Strauss starts with the revelation of his Hero, and so far as his themes permit, of that Hero's character. Then follows a remarkably clever number entitled "The Hero's Antagonists," in which the heroic themes in the previous section are degraded (as Berlioz degraded the "Dies Irae" in one of his larger compositions), and much new matter is introduced. In this portion also there are traces of that humour which Strauss has already shown elsewhere, while the command of orchestral resources is truly amazing. The third section is entitled *Companion*, and it is the pleasantest of the work. For the Companion is of the softer sex, and the movement develops into a

very beautiful Song of Love. It is succeeded by a battle scene, with much brass and drum, and in the course of which the "Antagonists'" themes begin to be more assertive, and this is followed by a section of "Despair" in which Strauss, often interrupted by the "Antagonists'" motifs, quotes twenty or more themes from his own previous compositions, such as *Zarathustra*, *Guntram*, *Don Quixote*, and *Tod und Verklärung*. The meaning of the quotations is not quite obvious, while the idea itself is, of course, not new, for among others a familiar example of the quotation method is the supper scene of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, where some of the themes from *Figaro* are played as popular tunes of the period, will readily be called to mind. In *Ein Heldenleben*, the quotations are cleverly treated in the most complicated and original fashion, so that as one is interwoven with the others, it needs the most careful performers to render the whole picture anything but a smudge. Lastly, we hear a snatch of the love themes, and the Hero is dead. The performance by the Queen's Hall orchestra was a wonderfully fine one, and Strauss had a hearty reception.

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## Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE weather which we have been experiencing has admitted of no defence. It is possible to guard against still cold, but not against a driving east wind laden with icy particles from Russia and beyond. This driving wind is the cause why certain parts of Siberia are accepted by men of science as being colder than the North Pole is at all likely to be, seeing that conditions, as ascertained in the farthest North, are those of almost motionless air in the colder season. The chrysanthemums, up to the 4th or 5th, were still in their glory, but they are now shrivelled and browned in the majority of gardens. The last geraniums are black, the leaves have fallen off the myrtles, and the lingering leaves of the elder are on the ground. The winter reigns from Donegal to Astrakan and from Norway to the Riviera. Snow has fallen over enormous areas, and the aspect of almost the entire Continent is suggestive of Christmas, according to the old ideas.

## WHERE IT IS STILL WARM

"See amid the winter's snow" is the beginning of a very beautiful carol, but the lines are unjust to the climate of Syria. Only on the highest hills does snow rest, and this, of course, is true of mountains like Kenia and Kilimanjaro, which are almost on the Equator in Africa. The valleys and plains are beautifully green with fresh grass and growing barley on Christmas Day in the sacred regions of Bethlehem, and the temperature is about that of an English April. As we go South we find it like our May in the cities of Alexandria and Cairo. The former is very bracing without being cold in December, a fact due to the Etesian winds. If the railway be taken up the Nile valley something like June warmth is reached by the great Nile dam, and the daily mean would be about sixty degrees when we reached Khartoum. If we seek seaways to genial warmth at this moment Madeira has a winter temperature of fifty-eight degrees, and it is also very pleasant at the nearer and cooler station of Gibraltar.

## "SMITHFIELD"

The cold weather is not so bad for the cattle at Islington as is the dense and foggy air which when cold settles down on the metropolis seems to come in its train almost as a matter of course. The show is a very good one this year, and the Earl of Strathmore's heifer, the various Royal exhibits, and splendid pens of sheep, all have had their enthusiastic admirers. The side shows have, as usual, been thronged, and though agriculture is not prospering as a whole, there is still enough left in the locker for a good gathering and liberal expenditure in Cattle Show Week. The fact that Parliament is sitting while the great Islington Show is on is a very great rarity, and many of our legislators have embraced the occasion to see the festival of fat oxen in the northern suburb. Had the site been a little more central the gathering would doubtless have been even greater. The great breeds all hold their own, but the smaller Dexters, Kermes, and Irish cattle with an Angus cross are unmistakably pushing to the front; the extent of interest in the December Show is therefore increased.

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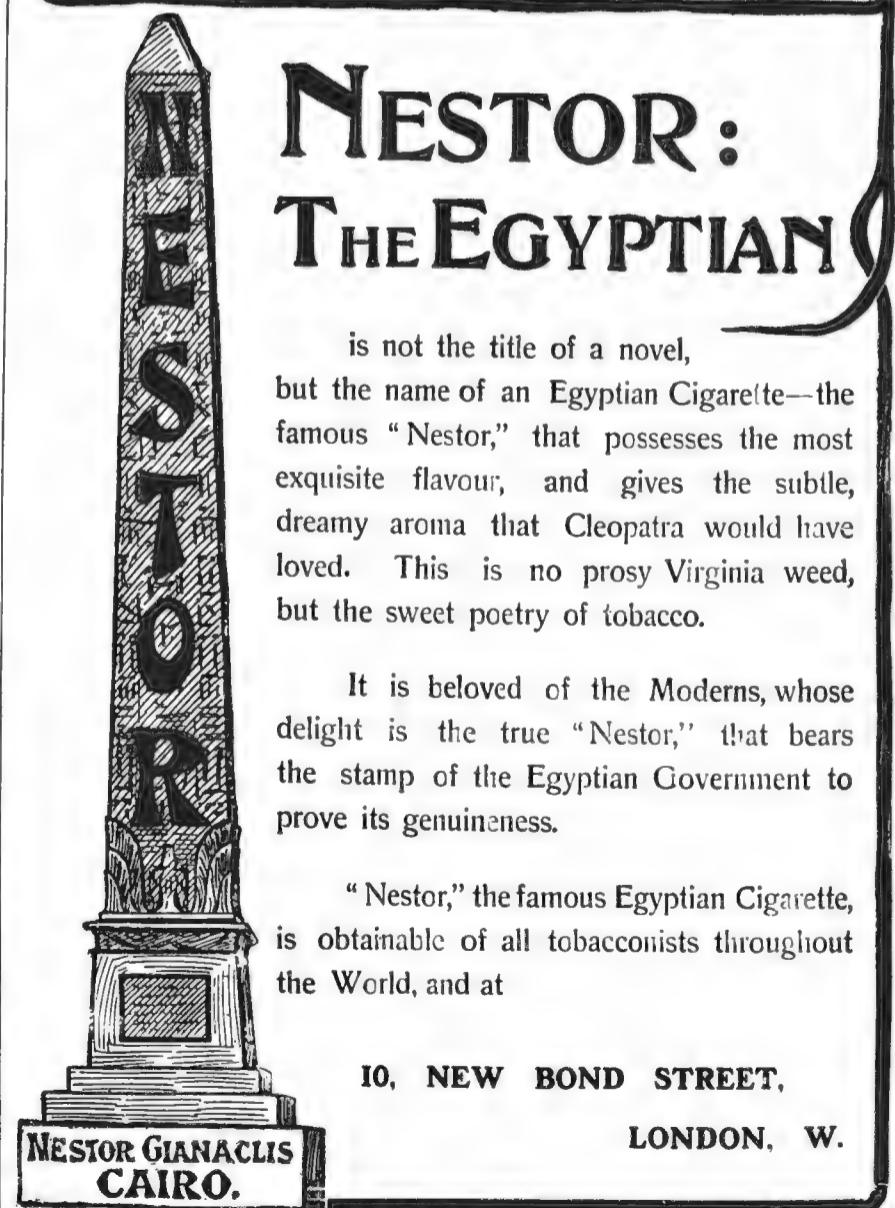
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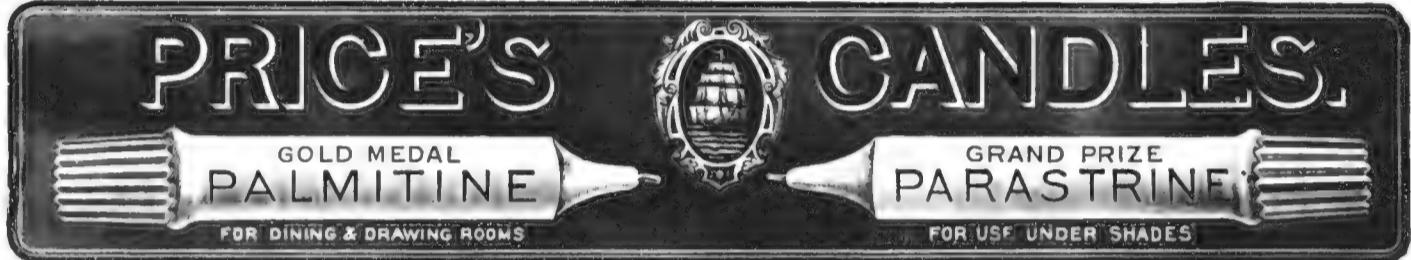
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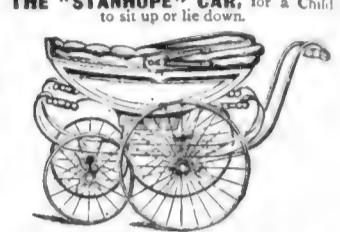
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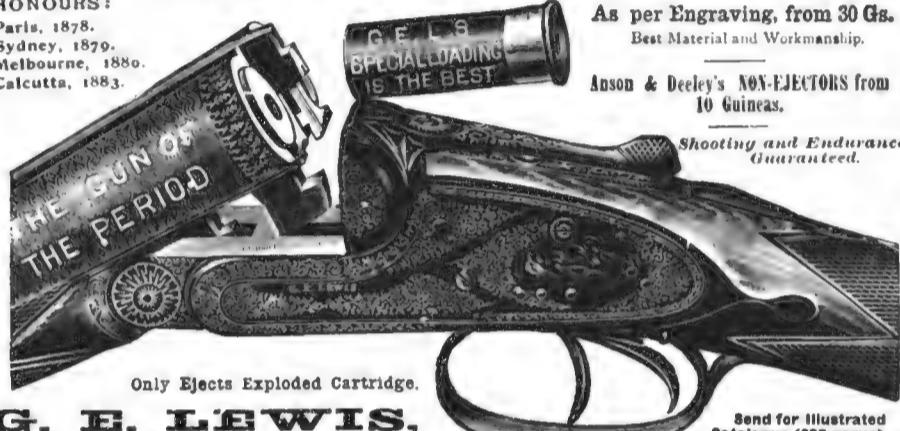
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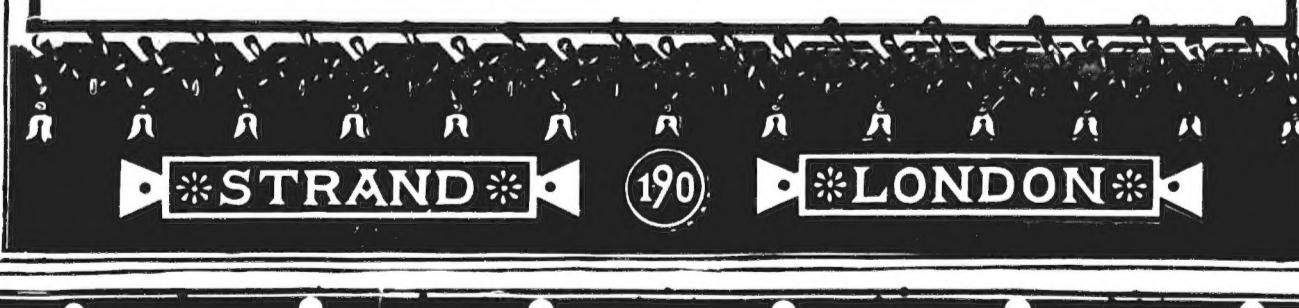
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